In this issue *of* The Outlook

Vol. 146 July 20, 1927 No. 12

Cover: The columns on the campus of the University of Missouri

"Twenty Questions" on General Information. Answered in This Issue of The Outlook 361

Savagery Again 363

Nerves at the Naval Conference . . 363

Factions and Fascism 363

Mexico's Coming Election 364

Westward Ho! 364

Knight Errant of the Air 364

A Home for a Hero 365

The Rockefeller Foundation . . . 366

Fighting Cancer 366

There Stands New Jersey, Wet and Waiting 366

The Stage and the Scalpers 366

Conclude and be agreed, our doctors say 367

Cartoons of the Week

Curtis Wheeler: Costly Sacrifice . . 368

Amends to the Jews—What Then? . 368

Texas 369

Foreign Ministers in Conclave . . . 369

Pan-Pacific Relations 369

Botany from a Car Window 370

John Drew 370

A Slice of Lamb 371

By Lawrence F. Abbott

Henry Ford's Apology to the Jews . 372

Curtis Wheeler, American 374

Psychology in the Sunday School . . 375

By Charles K. Taylor

The Navy and Foreign Trade . . . 376

By Commander F. J. Cleary, *U. S. N.*

The Foreign Ministers' Conclave . . 377

By Elbert Francis Baldwin, *The Outlook's Editor in Europe*

Now in China 378

By Margueritte Harmon Bro

Missionaries of Missouri 381

By George Marvin

What Prohibition Has Done for the Mountaineers 384

By Francis Pridemore

The Book Table:

Edited by Edmund Pearson

Ava atque Vale, Sherlock! . . . 386

Current Books 387

Books Received 389

Free for All: Literature and Swill; Floods and Taxation; A Cotton Grower States the Case as He Sees It 390

By the Way 392

"Time" Lost a Subscriber

because it quoted extensively from an Outlook article on the Black Hills of South Dakota. The subscriber, we learn, dropped out because the article contained no reference to the injustice dealt out by the United States Government to the Indians of that region. "Time" can get this subscriber back by borrowing from an article by Colonel Bates on this very subject which will appear next week. There's an introduction to the article from the pen of General Custer's widow.

Published weekly by The Outlook Company, 120 East 16th Street, New York. Copyright, 1927, by The Outlook Company. By subscription $5.00 a year for the United States and Canada. Single copies 15 cents each. Foreign subscription to countries in the postal Union, $6.56.

Harold T. Pulsifer, *President and Managing Editor*
Nathan T. Pulsifer, *Vice-President*
Ernest Hamlin Abbott, *Editor-in-Chief and Secretary*
Lawrence F. Abbott, *Contributing Editor*

The Outlook is indexed in the Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature

THE OUTLOOK, July 20, 1927. Volume 146, Number 12. Published weekly by The Outlook Company at 120 East 16th Street, New York, N. Y. Subscription price $5.00 a year. Entered as second-class matter, July 21, 1893, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., and December 1, 1926, at the Post Office at Dunellen, N. J., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Outlook

Volume 146 July 20, 1927 Number 12

Savagery Again

THE slaughter in Dublin of Kevin O'Higgins, Vice-President of the Irish Free State's Council of Ministers, in which he held the portfolios of Foreign Affairs and Justice, was as brutal an assassination as has ever marked the history of Irish political warfare. Whether the five or more men who deliberately waylaid him and shot him down in cold blood acted as members of a revolutionary body or as a band combined for private murder in revenge for the deaths of revolutionists executed under Mr. O'Higgins's administration, they planned and executed their crime as a conspiracy, and not as a deed of personal hatred. The murder presented positive evidence of the character of the extremist Republican opposition to the Irish Free State.

Mr. O'Higgins, previous to the organization of the Free State, had supported De Valera, but he accepted loyally the compromise embodied in what is called the London Treaty and fought the Republicans at the polls. President Cosgrave, in a public statement made after the murder, said: "Kevin O'Higgins, in his dauntless courage and unflinching determination, has trodden the path blazed by Michael Collins and Arthur Griffith even until death. The Irish people may rest assured that the assassin's bullet will not succeed in terrorizing this country."

Nerves at the Naval Conference

ONE of the immediate effects of the assassination of Vice-President O'Higgins was the postponement of a dreaded open session of the Three-Power Naval Conference at Geneva. As a delegate to that Conference the Irish official had won the respect of those who gathered there. It was natural for the delegates to show their respect by omitting any session on the day following his tragic death. It is clear that the delegates were in no mood to welcome a public discussion of the situation in the Conference and that they were relieved at the opportunity offered them to put off the meeting to a later day, when perhaps the prospect of mutual understanding and of approach to an agreement would be brighter than it was at the time. Certainly all reports indicated so wide a divergence in aims among the three Powers—the United States, Great Britain, and Japan—and such a state of exasperation in the mind of the British delegates that a plenary session might conceivably have brought the Conference to an end.

In contrast to the skillful handling of the British case at the Washington Conference in 1921, the methods pursued by Great Britain at this Geneva Conference seem to have been particularly inept. Throughout this Conference the British have insisted upon such terms for the limitation of cruisers as to give the impression, first, of wishing to insist on remaining the dominant power on the high seas, and, second, of standing for a limit which would mean more rather than less naval construction. The chief of the British delegation, William Clive Bridgeman, who is also the First Lord of the Admiralty, has said explicitly that Great Britain had no thought of contesting with the United States the question of naval parity. And Sir Austen Chamberlain, the Foreign Secretary, has emphasized this position by saying that he trusts that war between Great Britain and the United States "is already outlawed in the hearts and souls of their citizens." We can give full credence to these British protests that British naval policy is not directed toward the United States. Nevertheless the effect of Great Britain's insistence on what she considers her national needs would have the effect either of destroying any semblance of parity between the navies of the two countries or else of making it necessary for the United States to undertake a great deal larger naval program than the American people would wish to contemplate. So emphatic have the British proposals been that it is hard for the British delegates to recede from them. That is why a plenary session seemed undesirable.

Wide World

Kevin O'Higgins, murdered Vice-President of the Irish Free State

Modern diplomatic methods of negotiating more or less in the open has obvious advantages in subjecting negotiators to public scrutiny. But it has its disadvantages. When a man bargains in a loud voice where every one can hear, it is hard for him to back down publicly and accept a compromise. Perhaps time can be a substitute for secrecy. When the tones of the loud voice die away and are forgotten, there is a chance for a conciliatory spirit.

Factions and Fascism

ACCORDING to a despatch in the New York "Herald Tribune," Mussolini's Fascist Party, which is the whole thing now in Italian politics, is threatened with a serious split.

In one sense this is not new. Everybody who has followed the course of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fascisti has known that there were factions among them and at times serious friction between individuals. But what appear to be new developments in the rivalry between factions and individuals have, according to this despatch, created a condition which seems to be not far from critical.

The story is one that antedates the establishment of the Fascist Party itself.

It was in 1919 that Mussolini, then editor of "Il Popolo d'Italia," was campaigning for election as Deputy in the Italian Parliament. At the same time Mussolini's newspaper was collecting a fund for Fiume. It was reported that 300,000 lira had disappeared from this fund. Two of the editors of Mussolini's paper thereupon resigned and went to another newspaper, which came out with the charge that Mussolini had used the money for purposes of his campaign. A group of young Fiume Legionnaires, appointed by d'Annunzio, made an investigation and completely exonerated Mussolini. The head of that committee is now editor of a paper which is the organ of one of the Fascist factions, known as the Squadristi—the faction that really established Fascism in power by strong-arm methods. Since Italy has quieted down the Squadristi have been less in evidence and the intellectuals have come to the fore, contributing materially to Fascism's constructive ideas. The Squadristi, however, are suspicious of the intellectuals as being defeatists, incapable of discipline and loyalty. So the organ of the Squadristi has been very outspoken; and Mussolini, in spite of the protests of the intellectuals, has done nothing to restrain its utterances. The intellectuals say significantly that Carli, the editor of the Squadristi's organ, still has in "a safe place" the documents in the Fiume Fund case.

Thus, the despatch says, Mussolini "will not be able long to pursue a middle course, because both sides are determined not to let him."

Mexico's Coming Election

MEXICO'S Presidential election, like our own, comes next year. Not to be behindhand, three candidates, all generals, have thrown their hats into the ring. So far as appears, they are self-nominated. The Mexican Constitution forbids the re-election of a President holding office, but otherwise presents no objection to the candidacy of an ex-President. Therefore General Obregon is eligible; and, as President Calles was nominated and elected largely through Obregon's support, it is deemed probable that he may support his predecessor, possibly also with a canny hope that Obregon may return the favor four years later.

The other generals in the field are Gomez and Serrano. Whether their candidacy is serious, or is an attempt to

Acme

Maurice Drouhin, hired by Charles Levine to fly him home

forestall other candidates and perhaps exchange what influence they have for future political favor, is as yet an unanswered question. Both are said to be favorably disposed toward the United States, and General Obregon expresses similar sentiments.

The coming Mexican election makes it of especial importance that a wise and experienced diplomat should succeed Ambassador Sheffield, whose resignation has been accepted by President Coolidge with warm recognition of the distinguished character and value of Mr. Sheffield's services in Mexico.

Under Calles, Mexico has at least been free from revolution, and the same is true of Obregon's rule. The quarrel between Church and State continues, but recent advices indicate that conditions are less strained than a year ago.

Westward Ho!

THE sensational and dramatic aspects of transatlantic aviation are, as we write, connected with the plans for flying westward to America.

The nearest prospect of such a flight seems on July 12 to be seen in the announcement of Captain Courtney that his Dornier-Napier seaplane, the Whale, was in perfect readiness for a start from the Calshot Naval Flying Base in England, and that, weather permitting, it might take off on Saturday, July 16, or soon after that date.

Meanwhile a singular situation has arisen as regards Chamberlin and Levine. They will not try the westward Atlantic voyage together. Levine is anxious to make that voyage and has engaged a noted French aviator, Drouhin, as pilot. This at first displeased the French public, but Levine's offer to use a French plane in place of his own Columbia seems to have placated French sentiment. Just when the flight will begin (if ever) is not settled.

Meanwhile Byrd and his comrades and Chamberlin are on their westward voyage (by steamship this time) to receive a cordial welcome here from the many thousands of their American admirers.

The transatlantic air trip west from the European to the North American Continent is subject to more serious danger than that from west to east. It never yet has been made by airplane or seaplane. If Courtney succeeds, he will be entitled to high honors.

Knight Errant of the Air

UNDER the auspices of the Guggenheim Fund for the Promotion of Aeronautics, with the co-operation of the Department of Commerce, Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh and his plane, the Spirit of St. Louis, will make a tour from coast to coast and from the Canadian to the Mexican border. In the course of this tour, to last three months, they will visit seventy-five cities. They will make at least one landing in every State.

This is not a trip for the pleasure of the plane and its famous pilot. It is devoted to the advancement of aviation. Specifically, as Harry F. Guggenheim, President of the Guggenheim Fund, has said, "Colonel Lindbergh's tour is undertaken primarily to stimulate interest in the use of air transportation. He will also encourage the use of present transport facilities for mail, freight and express, and passengers, and other services now performed by aircraft."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We expect this tour to awaken the country to the need of airports and properly marked airways. The schedule of this tour of Colonel Lindbergh's is as follows:

July 20–31—Hartford, Providence, Boston, Portland, Maine, Concord, New Hampshire, Springfield, Vermont, Albany, Buffalo, and Syracuse.

August 1–15—Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Wheeling, Dayton, Cincinnati, Louisville, Indianapolis, Detroit, Grand Rapids, Chicago, and St. Louis.

August 16–31—Moline, Davenport and Rock Island, Milwaukee, Madison, St. Paul and Minneapolis, Little Falls, Fargo, Sioux City, Des Moines, Omaha, and Denver.

September 1–15—Cheyenne, Salt Lake City, Boise, Butte, Spokane, Seattle, and Portland.

September 16–30—San Francisco, Oakland, Sacramento, Reno, Los Angeles, San Diego, Tucson, El Paso, Fort Worth, Dallas, Oklahoma City, and Tulsa.

October 1–15—Little Rock, Memphis, Nashville, Birmingham, Jackson, New Orleans, Jacksonville, Atlanta, Spartanburg, Winston-Salem, and Richmond.

October 16–20—Baltimore, Atlantic City, Washington, Wilmington, Philadelphia, and New York.

Short stops will be made at Schenectady, Erie, Springfield, Illinois, St. Joseph, Missouri, Sioux Falls, South Dakota, Lordsburg, New Mexico, and Abilene, Texas.

If any one can teach the American public about airways and airports, Lindbergh can. Wherever he goes he will arouse enthusiasm. He may be expected to guide that enthusiasm by his proved common sense.

A Home for a Hero

OUTLOOK readers will be gratified to learn that John R. Kissinger, yellow fever hero, and his wife are provided with a new home. Mr. and Mrs. Kissinger, we learn, are happy, and have found a new source of strength and hope, not only in their material surroundings, but in the appreciation of Mr. Kissinger's heroism shown by the givers who made these new surroundings possible. They have jointly written a letter of thanks to Dr. Benjamin C. Gruenberg, Managing Director of the American Association for Medical Progress, Inc., expressing their thanks. The money for providing this home was sent to the American Association for Medical Progress, which acknowledged all contributions and attended to correspondence; but the collection of the money was sponsored by a special committee formed on the initiative of Mr. James E. Peabody, head of the biology department of the Morris High School of New York City.

Acme

Candidates for transatlantic honors

Captain F. T. Courtney, pilot (right), and Lieutenant F. W. Downer, navigator (left), of the Dornier-Napier seaplane in which they will attempt the westward passage

John R. Kissinger, our readers will remember, is the man who, by submitting himself to the bite of an infected mosquito and the consequent fever, furnished proof that it was by a species of mosquito that yellow fever was transmitted, and thus provided a means for reducing yellow fever practically to extinction. For twenty years Mr. Kissinger was virtually incapacitated for sustained work. A small annuity from the Government has been inadequate to provide for him in decent comfort. Now, thanks to contributions from those who appreciate such heroism, Mr. and Mrs. Kissinger have a comfortable home at Huntington, Indiana.

For this result great credit should go to readers of The Outlook. It was from Outlook readers that a large proportion —more, we have been told, than from any other source—of all the contributions for Mr. and Mrs. Kissinger have come. The Outlook is very chary of appeals to its readers for money; but in this case the editors had no compunction. On April 6, 1927, The Outlook printed its editorial on the subject, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

within a week or so after publication of that editorial we were informed that the response had been sufficient to assure the success of the plan. We wish to join with Mr. and Mrs. Kissinger in expressing appreciation of our readers' prompt response to this appeal to their patriotism, humanity, and sense of justice.

The Rockefeller Foundation

IN the quiet and unobtrusive campaign waged by science to stamp out disease and better man's chance to live out his allotted span of life no other single agency plays a part which is comparable to that of the Rockefeller Foundation. It stands ready to offer its assistance wherever a true need is shown to exist.

The annual report of the Foundation made public by its President, Dr. George E. Vincent, shows that last year it spent the astounding sum of $9,741,474 in promoting world health. Following the admirable policy of co-operating with government agencies, universities, and other institutions, it gave aid to fourteen medical schools in ten countries; it furthered the development of public health training in fifteen institutions in twelve countries and in ten field stations in the United States and Europe; it gave funds to rural health services in 244 counties in the United States and to thirty-four districts in twelve other countries; it provided fellowships for 889 men and women from forty-eight countries; and it paid the traveling expenses of sixty-nine officials on health-study visits.

In addition to these specific grants the Foundation co-operated with the Government of Brazil in fighting yellow fever and hookworm; aided various British health undertakings from London to Sydney and Hongkong; worked with France on an anti-tuberculosis campaign; conducted yellow fever surveys on the Gold Coast; aided in the fight against malaria throughout the world; and gave important funds for research in this country.

Its record stands unchallenged. In the progress which has been made in freeing the world of the terrors of plague and epidemic we can see the reward which is all that the Rockefeller Foundation asks for its wise generosity.

Fighting Cancer

IN the published report of the international symposium held last fall under the auspices of the American Society for the Control of Cancer the public is given a serious warning as to the danger of this dread disease and some sound advice as how best to guard against it. The prevalence of cancer and its often fatal effects are distinctly a cause for public attention. It is essential to the welfare of the country that movements to combat the disease be afforded the fullest co-operation.

According to the report of the symposium, the official statistics of the United States Census Bureau indicate that one in every ten adults now living in the United States is destined to die of cancer. Between the ages of forty-five and sixty-five one in every five deaths among women is due to this disease. Cancer is now a greater menace to adult life than tuberculosis, and its death rate is rapidly increasing.

The fight against this grim specter must be an entirely personal one, but if ordinary care is taken by the individual there should be no cause for alarm. The vital point to be remembered is that to be cured cancer must be discovered in its early stages, for otherwise it is often fatal. The first suspicion of the disease should lead to immediate consultation with a physician, for, as the resolutions of the cancer control meeting reiterate, its cure depends upon discovering the growth before it has done irreparable injury to a vital part of the body and before it has spread to other parts. With medical care there is a reasonable chance that cancer may be permanently cured, but at the same time the public is warned against false cures and quack practitioners.

In the hope of reducing the prevalence of this disease the American Society for the Control of Cancer is actively campaigning to teach the public its earliest danger signals, and to impress upon them the necessity of seeking competent medical attention as soon as any of these signals are discovered. It is a work to be fully supported, for, while cancer cannot be fought like other diseases by sanitary or public health measures, it can be fought by this method of personal attention and care. Its death toll is too heavy to be ignored. It is one of the risks of modern life which the public and medicine must join forces to combat.

There Stands New Jersey, Wet and Waiting

THERE are few students of politics who believe that the action of the New Jersey Republican Convention in asking for a State referendum on modification of the Volstead Act means that the two great National political parties will join issue on wet and dry lines in the Presidential election next year. It is rather an appeal to New Jersey Republican wets to stand by the party flag and the local party candidates.

The proposed referendum would (if carried in the affirmative) ask Congress to withdraw the present prohibition as to making, selling, and transporting beverages unless they are intoxicating "as determined by the laws of the various States *within the limits set by Congress*" (italics ours). This last clause is a weasel-like limitation; just what it means depends on the way you look at it. As it does not call on Congress to change its own definition of intoxicating beverages, it might mean just nothing; but as it is evidently desired to bring about some modification, the clause may be supposed to aim at what New York's referendum of last year more openly asked, namely, that a definition of the word "intoxicating" by any State should be paramount to the definition already made by the Volstead Act.

If New Jersey is now asking Congress to declare that a State law may abrogate an existing Constitutional Federal law, it is thereby asking Congress to nullify the Constitution, which provides just the reverse. We note that the New York "Herald Tribune," in an editorial sympathetic with the idea of amending Federal law by State law, regrets that the mystical clause "within the limit set by Congress" was inserted.

It doesn't matter much! The wet States may amuse themselves with referendums, but if the enforcement act is to be changed it will be done by Congress through its own amending machinery, not by a blanket grant to the States to do as each pleases.

The Stage and the Scalpers

THOMAS NAST'S famous cartoon of the Tweed gangsters in a circle each pointing his thumb at the next man in answer to the question, "Who Got the People's Money?" might find its parallel in the New York theater-ticket scandal. It is admitted that some theater-goers have paid as much as $25 apiece for tickets listed at $5.50. Who got the money? The managers, the box-office men, the general ticket agents, or the scalpers? The trend of the evidence is that there were rake-offs all along the line.

Back of the division of spoils and the attempt to shift the blame is heard the argument that demand and supply will have its way; that the shows that are most talked about will find customers at exorbitant prices; that New York citizens must stay away or pay high prices because out-of-town business men will not go home without seeing the big shows, no matter what it costs.

But abuses may be regulated even if

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Conclude and be agreed, our doctors say

(Richard II, Act I, Scene 1)

Doyle in the Philadelphia Record

In the rough

From Daniel W. Chase, Philadelphia, Pa.

Hanny in the Philadelphia Inquirer

Copyright, 1927, by the Philadelphia Inquirer

It's one of those "pigs in the clover" puzzles

From Gertrude L. Snyder, Coatesville, Pa.

Knott in the Dallas News

Many happy returns!

From M. M. Kornfeld, Dallas, Texas

Shoemaker in the Chicago Daily News

Will boys always be boys?

From P. P. Udre, Granite City, Illinois

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they cannot altogether be abolished. The old project has been revived of having a central ticket office to sell tickets for all plays at a small uniform advance in price. It is sensibly urged by one manager that the inflated prices are bad business and short-sighted policy, for they play into the hands of movie and radio competition. One hopes that this view will prevail, but it may be as well for municipal and State lawmakers to bring a little pressure to bear to hasten the reform. When one manager was asked why managers let the agencies get the "graft," he said, "No agency would permit them to see their books; and, furthermore, no agency would tell the truth!"

The present agitation was not started by the long-suffering public, but by the United States Government, which objects to any one getting rich by ticket-gouging without making an accurate return of his profits for income-tax purposes.

Curtis Wheeler: Costly Sacrifice

TO the readers of the newspapers Curtis Wheeler was but the name of another of those young Americans who have given their lives for aviation. To those of us who knew him Curtis Wheeler was a gifted young American whose life seemed to be the preparation for some public service of exceptional distinction. His mind was enriched by his native gifts, which he had well employed. In a time when an increasingly complex life makes clear thinking of special value he thought clearly. At a time when the country needs as sorely as it ever needed the disinterested service of its sons he gave of himself freely.

Instead of preserving such a life as a great treasure, this Nation has chosen to let it be cast away.

As his friend who gives us a glimpse of his character in his pen portrait on another page says, Captain Wheeler and his pilot, Lieutenant Sack, were aloft in one of the older type of planes, such as the National Government has assigned for the use of the National Guard. Some reports had it that this plane was built in 1915; according to an official statement at the camp where the fatal accident occurred, the plane was built in 1918, and had been put in good condition and, before it went up into the air, had been carefully inspected. Let all this be granted, it is still beside the point. The fact is that it was an old plane, without up-to-date improvements in design, control, or motive power. This old-type plane was like other planes with which the volunteer officers of the National Guard are still flying.

Such planes should have been scrapped. Coupled with a denial that such planes deserve the title of "flying coffins," sometimes applied to them, a

Courtesy New York "Herald Tribune"

Curtis Wheeler
1889-1927

declaration of the Assistant Secretary of War for Aviation has given assurance that all of these planes will be discarded by September 1. That may be too late to avert another such tragedy as cost the lives of Captain Wheeler and Lieutenant Sack. If better modern planes cannot be supplied at once, then until they can be there is no valid reason for permitting such men to use airplanes at all. Whether they want to use it or not, they should not be allowed to use antiquated equipment. Their services, given voluntarily, merit the best that the country can provide. Nothing is too expensive for the United States to afford when it asks for the free risk of the lives of its best sons. We furnish practically unlimited private capital for demonstration planes, and then allow the men whose qualities the Nation most needs to take the air in machines that almost antedate the World War.

The responsibility of the Administration is to see to it that the chance of such waste of life is ended without delay. The responsibility of Congress will be to see to it that the facts are forced into the public mind and that funds are made available for suitable equipment for the National Guard.

Something may yet be saved from the waste of these lives.

Amends to the Jews—What Then?

HENRY FORD has turned evil into good. By as much as he had harmed the Jewish people through the charges broadcast by the Dearborn "Independent," by so much he has now, through his recantation and apology, done the Jewish people great benefit. By as much as he had given currency to falsehood, by so much he has now given currency to truth. By as much as he had built up barriers of prejudice, by so much he has torn the barriers down.

The charges in the Dearborn "Independent" and the pamphlets circulated under its auspices did not influence the well-informed. Those elements of truth in them were adulterated by an intermixture of falsehood. The fact that Mr. Ford's publications could treat as serious evidence the preposterous and exploded "protocols" of the so-called "Zionist Men of Wisdom" was enough to make it a waste of time for any one to pay attention to what Mr. Ford or anybody speaking for him might say about the Jews. Six years ago last February The Outlook published an article by Baron S. A. Korff, LL.D., which told of the origin of these "protocols" in the Czar's Government. They were made use of in 1901 by Russian reactionaries and police officials with the hope of diverting the attention of Russia from the increasing social discontent. When they were revived in 1919, revised, and again circulated in Germany and England, and then reprinted in Boston in the fall of 1920, there was a public protest signed by a large number of prominent Americans of whom none were Jews. The fact that Mr. Ford has only now discovered that these protocols are "exploded fictions" indicates how unworthy of serious attention have the Dearborn "Independent" articles been.

Yet there are undoubtedly many people who would never have heard of the worthlessness of these protocols if the repudiation of them had not been associated so dramatically with the name of such a man as Henry Ford. In that respect Mr. Ford's change of opinion, in spite of what William Allen White (elsewhere in this issue) says of its intrinsic insignificance, has been of great value.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The question nevertheless remains, why are such charges against the Jews so readily believed? Is it because the Jews are a specially gifted race, which, in spite of their comparatively small numbers, are capable of dominating the rest of the world? There is nothing to indicate that the Jews are gifted to any such degree. It is rather, we think, because of what may be called Jewish solidarity. When a Jew is accused, other Jews may be counted upon to spring to his defense, not because he is right, but because he is a Jew.

The natural result of this is that when Jewish groups show unpleasant traits of character those who are not Jews naturally attribute those traits to the whole Jewish people. Criticism of Jews is likely to bring forth from Jewish sources protests against anti-Semitic prejudice. It ought also to bring forth effort on the part of leading Jewish people, first, to discover the ground for criticism and, second, to remove it. Until Jewish leaders are as vigorous in denouncing offensive Jewish traits and remedying them as they are in denouncing unjust criticism, they must expect that the unreasoning will attribute to all Jews the qualities that they find in those of the race who are most objectionable.

In breaking down the barriers between race and race and between religion and religion both sides must do their part.

Texas

GOVERNOR DAN MOODY, leading a hundred and twenty-four other prominent Texans, has completed a good-will tour of the principal cities of the United States. Doubtless, the main purpose of the trip was to "boost" Texas—possibly not so much its wares as its character. Texans would like to have Texas understood as they understand it, which, of course, is not possible.

But Texans do not understand Texas. New Yorkers do not understand New York City. Some things are too big to be understood. Texas and New York City have at least this matter of bigness in common. The bigness of New York City is the bigness of buildings and the multiplicity of man. The bigness of Texas is acres—and, of course, some hundreds of other things. The acre bigness is the easiest to comprehend, but most Americans do not.

Some understanding of it may be arrived at by cutting Texas out of a map of the United States and relocating it at various places on that map.

If that point of Texas which forms the mouth of the Rio Grande is placed in the Gulf of Mexico at Mobile, the upper end of the northern "Panhandle" will stick out in Lake Michigan some distance above Chicago. If the bend of the river at Texarkana is placed in the Atlantic off the North Carolina coast, the extreme point of the western "Panhandle" will lie across the Mississippi River, just cutting a notch out of Iowa.

All of that constitutes a territory big enough for from half to a whole dozen States. There is a tradition, which we have not been able to verify, that Texas reserved the right when it entered the Federal Union to divide its territory into five States at any time upon its own motion and without anybody else's consent.

Failure of our effort to verify the legend does not disprove it. Such things have a habit of bobbing up unexpectedly —like, as Poe was fond of having his characters say, "the devil at prayers."

When North Carolina ceded to the General Government the territory that is now Tennessee, it stipulated that the Federal Government should not interfere with the institution of slavery in that territory. Everybody, or nearly everybody, promptly forgot the stipulation. Still, when Abraham Lincoln came to write the Emancipation Proclamation, he respected the stipulation of the act of cession. Even though he did not claim Constitutionality for his action, he did not undertake to emancipate the slaves in Tennessee. The Constitution amenders might have been less scrupulous, but Tennessee saved them the embarrassment by liberating its own slaves.

In some such emergency the right of Texas to subdivide its own real estate may emerge. It is difficult to imagine the emergency—unless it might be a Democratic necessity for maintaining or acquiring a majority in the Senate. Barring an inescapable necessity, Texas will not divide. It is too proud of itself and its size for any such foolishness. On the whole, Texas is more homogeneous than—well, for illustration, Delaware, where the common practice is to pass one set of laws for the northern and another for the southern end.

All of our forty-eight States are, in theory, sovereign, but Texas is the only one that ever actually was so in fact. Texas won its independence from Mexico in a real revolution and for about ten years was a nation. It had four Presidents—counting Sam Houston twice, and he is usually counted more times than that in Texas.

A State that was a nation is not necessarily superior to one that always was a province or something of the kind, but nationality or the striving for it or something else gave Texas the most catchy of the State songs. It has suffered in National fame because when the Civil War came on it was adopted as a fife-and-drum piece by the Confederates. All of us, however, can afford to forget that now and to sing to Dan Moody's good-willers:

Hurrah, for Texan rights hurrah!
Hurrah for the bonnie blue flag
That bears a single star!

Foreign Ministers in Conclave

THE summer meeting of the League of Nations' Council is termed by our editorial correspondent abroad, Dr. Baldwin, "The Foreign Ministers' Conclave." The phrase expresses the underlying truth that in the main whatever the Council does is essentially what the foreign affairs departments of the nations represented on the Council agree upon. Moreover, the combined will of all or of three of the five permanent members (Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy, and Japan) is almost sure to prevail, for, while there are six non-permanent nation-members (Poland, Chile, Rumania, Belgium, Czechoslovakia, and Salvador), their influence is quite unlikely to be so united in opposition as to balk the will of the five Great Powers, or three of them. But this sort of decision was perfectly well attainable before the League came into being; in the ultimate view, therefore, international decisions lie, as they always have lain, within the control of an agreement by the Great Powers.

Pan-Pacific Relations

ABOUT the Institute of Pan-Pacific Relations, at present in session at Honolulu, there is nothing official. Nothing that any member says or does can be held in any degree necessarily to reflect the policies, or even opinions, of his government. As Sir Arthur Currie, head of the Canadian group, remarked in course of conversation, "We are members, not delegates; and this is an Institute and not a conference."

In other words, the whole purpose of the organization is to find facts, in the fullest sense of that word; to gather together and render available the material from which intelligent policies can be evolved.

"It has been my growing conviction through many years," remarked Lionel Curtis, a prominent member of the British group to a member of the staff of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Outlook in San Francisco on the eve of the departure of the British and Canadian members for the islands, "that the finding of facts is the most essential but the most neglected of preliminaries to the intelligent grasping of any subject. It seems a platitude to say so, but when I speak of finding facts I mean really finding them, not merely according lip service to an admitted first step. We are out to find facts."

Coming from Lionel Curtis, the founder of the "Round Table," who has practically made the constitution of three British states, and is regarded as one of the most constructive men in the Empire, such a remark is something more than the expression of the opinion of one individual. Mr. Curtis's attitude is typical of that of the members generally. The prevailing desire at the Institute will be to find facts, to sift the wheat from the chaff.

The members of the Institute are a curiously representative group—soldiers, bankers, college professors, newspaper men, missionaries, and social workers; they are of all ages, from that delightful Scotsman W. P. Ker, grown gray in the British consular service at Tientsin, or General Sir Arthur Currie, famous as leader of the Canadian forces during the World War and now principal of McGill University, to young boys like the Hon. William W. Astor, like his mother, keen, alert, interested in everything, and Malcolm MacDonald, the promising son of a brilliant father, earning their way as secretaries.

About the British party centers the main interest of the conference this year. Chiefly, perhaps, because it is the first time Great Britain has participated in the Institute, but also because the party has been preceded to the islands by a brochure which was prepared by Sir Frederick Whyte (the head of the British group, former President of the Legislative Assembly in India) and covers the whole of the situation in China from the British point of view.

With the presence of Great Britain, the Institute is regarded as being, for the first time, thoroughly representative. The position was put clearly enough by one of the members. "Great Britain," he said, "was not invited to the former Institute, but when a discussion of the Chinese problems arose, with their relations to foreign countries, it was realized that to get to the heart of the situation Great Britain must be consulted, as, historically, she predated other nations in her relations with China."

From the first conference held under the auspices of the Institute of Pacific Relations two years ago special correspondence was sent to The Outlook by Frederick M. Davenport, now Representative in Congress. Mr. Davenport is attending the conference again this year, and expects to report it for Outlook readers. We suggest that our readers watch for it, for we think that they will find it notable.

Botany from a Car Window

THERE is an ever-increasing horde of Americans who must journey each week day from their homes in the country and the suburbs to the serried piles of our great cities. Some of them travel in club cars attended by colored gentlemen in white suits. Others are forced to ride in the more plebeian smoker or day coach. Whichever way they go, however, they make their round trips of fifteen, twenty, thirty, forty, or fifty miles with almost the regularity of clockwork. Most of them, we imagine, pass the time with their daily papers, their cigars, or their games of pinochle or bridge. The journey to town is something to be done rather than enjoyed. The reason that most of them turn to books, papers, or cards for relief from the monotony of the journey lies in the fact that they probably are convinced that they are traveling the same road each day and that they have seen all that is to be seen. The only variation in the monotony of the landscape which they are able to discover is to be found possibly in a new series of advertising hoardings or the growth of the latest real estate extension.

And yet every such journey does afford an opportunity for an almost unlimited variety of observations. Although the route between Ruralton and Burg Center be the same in distance every day of the year, the trip is made through the continually changing panorama of the seasons. A commuter might easily gain a very comprehensive knowledge of the flora of his vicinity by carefully watching from the windows of his daily train. Even in congested centers there are still stretches of wild land in which the pageantry of spring, the lushness of summer, and the austerity of fall are as manifest as in a far wilderness. To judge from the comments which we have heard on most commuting trains, there are few which travel so rapidly that individual flowers or clumps of growth are not plainly visible a short distance from the tracks. If the form of flower or shrub be obscured by speed, there always exists the opportunity for repeated observations until the strange growth is definitely identifiable. Xavier de Maistre made a book that will live from a "Journey Around My Room," and Mr. Beebe did as much from a few square yards of jungle soil. We are willing to wager a year's subscription to The Outlook that either of these gentlemen could find material for a good-sized volume out of a note-book compiled along any commuter's journey.

Yet how many thousands of commuters get as little from their daily stint of travel as the picnickers on the shores of Walden Pond get from the little body of water that made Thoreau famous! There are not many of us who are de Maistres, Beebes, or Thoreaus, but surely there is a great deal of opportunity for enjoyment going to waste along the railroad tracks that lead to our great cities. Keep a note-book of the seasons' progress for the next year, and see if we are mistaken.

John Drew

A CAREER of over fifty years on the American stage ended with the death of John Drew in San Francisco on July 9 at the age of seventy-three. Daniel Frohman exactly characterized Drew as actor and man when he said of him that he was a master at playing modern rôles of refined character and the most loved man in the profession.

The fine old words "comedy" and "comedian" have been vulgarized of late by their use for slap-stick moving pictures. John Drew was a comedian in the fine sense. He rarely, if ever, played the great tragical parts, and cannot therefore be compared with actors like Booth or Salvini. But in the comedy of manners he was supreme. He could get his effects quietly, almost, one might say, by a twinkle of his eye or a shrug of his shoulders. His very last rôle on the stage, Sir William in "Trelawney of the Wells," was marked by easy and finished rendering of character and humor.

John Drew grew up in a double tradition—that of a family of stage talent and that of the old-time stock company. His mother had a long career as a leading actress and managed the theater in Philadelphia where the son made his first appearance fifty-four years ago; his father was an Irish comedian; his daughter and the Barrymores, his nephews and niece, are on the stage to-day. Like the Terrys in England, the Drews were native to the stage. To be a leading man in the old stock company meant a thorough training and demanded great versatility.

Those of us who still remember

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the palmy days of the Daly Theatre will always think of Drew as a bright particular star in that gracious and friendly company that included Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, Ada Rehan, James Lewis, and others. A long series of light dramas, widely diversified in character and including a few revivals of the older dramas, delighted audiences who came to look upon Daly's as a regular part of their lives. Those whose memory reaches not quite so far back will probably think with greatest pleasure of Drew's long run in 1896 with Maude Adams in "Rosemary," in which romance tinged with gentle sadness gave the two stars an equal share in pleasing and moving audiences. Others will remember [illegible] of

Underwood & Underwood

John Drew
1853–1927

most memorable of all of them was John Drew, the courteous, witty gentleman, off and on the stage.

temporarily [illegible] could be easily slipped into a coat pocket. Moreover, I sought something with a useful, literary flavor that would ease my conscience after I had enjoyed to the full the "sports" pages of the morning paper. I wished to convince that sensitive New England organ that my real taste was for the intellectual life, and that my interest in the supremacy of the "Yankees" on the diamond, in Babe Ruth's or "Columbia Lou" Gehrig's home runs, in Jack Dempsey's efforts to achieve a "comeback," in Bobby Jones's heroic pilgrimage to St. Andrews, in the defeat of the Harvard-Yale track team by their Oxford-Cambridge rivals, in the contests of Helen Wills and William Tilden at Wimbledon, in the excellent record of the Kent School crew on the placid waters of the Thames—that this interest was only superficial, after all, and that my real absorption was in the life of the mind, not the life of the body.

# of Lamb

E F. ABBOTT

r of The Outlook

Luckily for me—since the car was waiting at the door to take me to the station and there was little time for reflection or selection—I spied at once a pocket-sized little volume bound in blue and gold, one of those *bibelots* that are chosen for wedding gifts or birthday presents because of their looks and not because they possess any inherent value. In this case, however, the donor had chosen this *petit objet de luxe qui se place sur un cheminée, une étagère, etc., objet futile et de peu de valeur*, as Larousse somewhat contemptuously defines the term, more wisely than he or she knew—probably, I think, a she, if one may judge from the gilded cover and the red-lined title-page. For this dainty boudoir booklet contained twenty-seven selected "Essays of Elia." What Charles Lamb would say if he could see his "dream children" thus decked out in furbelows is not hard to imagine, for he was the least pernickety of English writers and abhorred—no, abhorred is not the right word—rather, he habitually and quizzically laughed at affectation and artificiality.

But—to paraphrase Robert Burns—whatever may be its dress a book's a book for a' that. So I thrust the little etui-like collection of essays into my coat pocket.

Now I confess that I did this not with spontaneous enthusiasm, but under some degree of compulsion. The little book answered to the momentary requirements of space and time. With more leisure and more room, I suppose I should have chosen some other essayist than Lamb, notwithstanding the fact that E. V. Lucas, the greatest of Elia's living apostles, says that he is "perhaps the sweetest, sanest, and most human of English prose writers." I should doubtless have preferred, if they had been at hand, Augustine Birrell's "Obiter Dicta" or "Res Judicatæ;" for Birrell, to my taste, is one of the pleasantest of contemporary English essayists. Birrell's portrait of George Borrow is at least comparable to Lamb's portraits of Mrs. Battle and Fanny Kelly, and—since I am indulging in the dangerous pastime of comparisons—let me add, at the risk of lese-majesty, that neither surpasses the character sketch of John Cavanagh, the handball player, by Lamb's friend Hazlitt. I have sometimes felt not quite educated up to Lamb. While in this respect I would not claim admission to William Lyon Phelps's admirable order of "Ignoble Prize Winners," I think I ought to receive a certificate of honorable mention for the confession.

On the train, when I had scanned the newspaper and finished the daily cross-word puzzle—perhaps with that admission my readers will discern why my mind is not up to the highest refinements of English prose—I took out of my pocket my blue-and-gold essays with a feeling of literary self-righteousness. "Thank God," I thought to myself, "I am not as other men are who spend their railway journeys in reading the popular magazines!"

My first pleasurable surprise was to find that reading Lamb gave me some excuse for my commonplace tastes instead of making me ashamed of them. Cross-word puzzles, for example. I found two new words, both wholly unfamiliar to me, which I gladly pass on to the cross-word fraternity without definition, leaving them to look up the meanings in the dictionary, as I was compelled to do—not on the train, of course, but later. One is the verb

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"endenizened," which appears in the essay on "Books and Reading;" the other is the noun "neoteric," which Lamb uses in writing on "Imagination in Modern Art." If it be an educational process to learn daily something new about the novelties and flexibilities of our noble English tongue, then crossword puzzles have their place, and in this function Lamb would certainly have approved them.

My prickings of mediocrity were also soothed by finding that Lamb, "the sanest and most human of English prose writers," liked "The Winter's Tale." "Winter evenings—the world shut out—with less of ceremony," says Elia in commending books to read, "the gentle Shakespeare enters. At such a season, the 'Tempest,' or his own 'Winter's Tale.'" Now for many years "The Winter's Tale" has been one of my favorites, but I have concealed the fact because the critics have frowned upon it as a hasty and ill-constructed piece of work. Richard Grant White, one of the wisest, most accomplished, and most readable of Shakespearean scholars and critics, has this to say about the charming story of Hermione and Perdita:

> He [Shakespeare] was as indifferent in regard to anachronism as he was in regard to the unities of time and place. . . . That disregard . . . culminates in "The Winter's Tale," one of his very latest plays, in which the very semblance of them is so disregarded that it affects to a certain degree even a reader's enjoyment of it.

Well, it does not affect my enjoyment of it, nor, apparently did it affect Charles Lamb's. When he was enjoying a fairy tale, he did not allow reason or logic to interfere. Indeed, he says in his chat on "Some of the Old Actors:" "When an actor comes, and instead of the delightful phantom—the creature dear to half-belief— . . . displays before our eyes a downright concretion . . . when, instead of investing it with a delicious confusedness of the head, he gives to it a downright daylight understanding, we feel the discord of the thing. . . . We want [him] turned out. We feel that his true place is not behind the curtain, but in the first or second gallery." No, Lamb was last of all a realist. To him the imagination was not an orderly, systematic faculty. He knew how little it cares for "the unities of time and place." Otherwise he could not have tolerated the grave-digger in "Hamlet" or Autolycus, the English village clown, in a semi-classical romance. The great fact about Lamb is that his philosophy of life was that of Autolycus, who puts into a quatrain a comprehensive truth which some philosophers have failed to get into four volumes:

> Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
> And merrily hent the stile-a:
> A merry heart goes all the day,
> Your sad tires in a mile-a.

I like to think that it was Autolycus who led Lamb on stormy wintry evenings to open "The Winter's Tale" in front of "a clear fire and a clean hearth." If not a merry man, Lamb was certainly a happy one, and was buoyed by an unfailing sense of humor. When William Hazlitt made his unhappy marriage, Lamb's sister Mary was the bridesmaid and Lamb was one of the three or four guests present. He realized the misfit, which finally resulted in separation, and later he said to his friend Southey, the poet, that he was almost sent out of the room during the ceremony, for "anything awful makes me laugh." Lamb was like Dr. Johnson and John Holmes, the younger brother of Oliver Wendell Holmes, in this respect—his devoted friends were drawn to him by a liking for his personality rather than by any conscious admiration of his literary genius. It is their humanity rather than their artistry, finished as that may be, which has drawn to the "Essays of Elia" perennially thousands of gently satisfied readers. I have already quoted E. V. Lucas; in his intimate and loyal "Life of Charles Lamb" he calls the author of the "Essays of Elia" "the most lovable figure in English literature." A high tribute! But an incident he relates goes far to justify the assertion:

Henry Ford's Apology to the Jews

HENRY FORD controls the Dearborn "Independent." By means of his organization for the distribution of his automobiles, he has a ready access to the public. His weekly journal has therefore a wide circulation and wherever it goes carries the prestige of his name. Because he has built up his enormous business upon his confidence in the common people he has established in the common people an extraordinary confidence in him. Therefore whatever appears in the Dearborn "Independent" is accepted by hosts of readers on the strength of Henry Ford's supposed indorsement. For several years the Dearborn "Independent" has carried on a journalistic campaign against Jews. Although this campaign has been directed in particular to Jews active and powerful in what is called "international finance," it has been accepted widely as a systematic warning against the influence of Jews in general. Among those whom the Dearborn "Independent" has mentioned by name is Aaron Sapiro, who has been active in promoting farm co-operatives. Mr. Sapiro brought against Henry Ford a suit for libel. There was a mistrial. The significant facts in this case have already been reported in The Outlook. Mr. Sapiro's suit against Mr. Ford was not abandoned.

Suddenly—at least without any preliminary statements that prepared the public for it—there appeared in the newspapers on July 8 a statement signed by Mr. Ford repudiating the Dearborn "Independent's" anti-Jewish campaign and apologizing to the Jews generally for it. In that statement he says that trusted friends have assured him that the character of the charges and insinuations made against the Jews in many of the articles in the Dearborn "Independent" "justifies the righteous indignation entertained by Jews everywhere toward me." He expresses his deep mortification that the Dearborn "Independent" "has been made the medium

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for resurrecting exploded fictions, for giving currency to the so-called Protocols of the Wise Men of Zion, which have been demonstrated, as I learn, to be gross forgeries, and for contending that the Jews have been engaged in a conspiracy to control the capital and industries of the world, besides laying at their door many offenses against decency, public order, and good morals." Though recognizing that there are black sheep in every flock, he declares that he is aware of the virtues of the Jewish people as a whole, that it is wrong to judge a people by a few individuals. He declares himself greatly shocked as a result of his study and examination of the files of the Dearborn "Independent" and deems it his duty as an honorable man to make amends for the wrong done to the Jews as fellow-men and brothers. He explains that the multitude of his activities made it impossible for him to keep informed as to the contents of the Dearborn "Independent" and the pamphlets entitled "The International Jew," and that he had trusted those to whom he had delegated their conduct and policies.

Elsewhere in this issue we comment editorially upon Mr. Ford's apology.

In response to a telegraphic request of the Editor-in-Chief of The Outlook, the following despatches have been received by The Outlook. These three replies come from three great sections of the country—the Northwest, the Central West, and the South; and they represent both Jew and Gentile:

From William Allen White

An editor who has made Emporia, Kansas known throughout the Nation as the place of publication of the Emporia "Gazette," which he controls and edits; a public-spirited citizen who has the almost unique distinction of being an admirer and follower of the two most contrasted and probably most mutually hostile public men of modern times and perhaps in American history, Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson; a novelist who has applied to American life the kind of analysis that the greater fiction writers of English have applied to England; a vigorous, salty writer.

Henry Ford, according to his own story, allowed the "Independent" to abuse Jews unmercifully because of their race. He now seems to have concluded that the "Independent" will not abuse the Jews unmercifully.

A man with the tremendous responsibility that comes with an ownership of a paper like Ford's who would idly or carelessly or ignorantly use his power to pain and humiliate millions of his fellow-men has no qualities as an editor which his fellow-men are bound to respect. His change of opinion is unimportant. The fact that his changed opinion will relieve the Jews of a gadfly's sting does not render the gadfly more intelligent.

Ford has one talent in his little bag of tricks. That talent is a certain knack of industrial organization. That idea has revolutionized the industrial world and has made a vast social change in America. His ideas and opinions in ethics, politics, and literature are silly and insignificant. It is a sad commentary on humanity that Ford's great wealth has not revealed his ignorance, his mental sloth, and his incapacity to think.

Man is always inclined to feel that greatness in one field of activity presumes greatness in all activities.

W. A. WHITE.

From Samuel R. Stern

An American of Jewish ancestry and faith; an eminent and respected citizen of the State of Washington; a lawyer of distinction and ability, member of the firm of Stern and Cohen; a former President of the Washington State Bar Association and former counsel for the Great Northern Railway Company and Harriman Lines at Spokane. He has been a valued contributor to The Outlook.

Mr. Ford's recent contacts and experiences have undoubtedly taught him what others are fast learning from longer and more intimate association, that the masses of the Jewish people are quite as reliable, reputable, and religiously honest as his own and many other of the civilized peoples of the world.

He has learned his lesson, and is apparently trying to make the *amende honorable*. His efforts should be and, I think, will be received by my people in the true Christian spirit so well exemplified by the Jew. His newly acquired consciousness is the result of first-hand, not second-hand, or even more remote, sources of information. He has had the manhood to admit his error. Selah. While the unfortunate consequences of his ill-advised efforts in the past cannot be minimized, nevertheless his willingness to ameliorate them cannot be overlooked and must be commended. His idea is one of confession, and not avoidance. We owe him our acknowledgments for this.

In Seattle the pastor of the largest and probably most influential Presbyterian congregation has heretofore vouchsafed for the truth of the charges which Mr. Ford now admits were unfounded. If he and other anti-Semites will follow Mr. Ford's example, and try and minimize instead of augment prejudice against Jews, Mr. Ford's belated efforts may not be fruitless. If the mainspring which set the Ford confession in motion will cause others to follow his example, we may yet attain a real brotherhood of man. If he can afford to admit an error, why cannot others?

While the lamp holds out to burn, the vilest sinner may return.

SAMUEL R. STERN.

From the Atlanta "Constitution," edited by Clark Howell

An editor who, succeeding Henry W. Grady as managing editor and his own father as editor-in-chief, has not only maintained the Atlanta "Constitution" as a great organ of Southern opinion as well as one of the outstanding newspapers of the country, but has contributed to the development of its character; for several terms a member and for his final year Speaker of the Georgia House of Representatives; one of the distinguished men of America. The request from The Outlook went to Mr. Howell. The reply is signed "The Constitution."

The "Constitution" says editorially of Ford's retraction and apology to the Jews:

"Although manly and courageous, the retraction is no more than Mr. Ford should have made. The pity is it was not made long ago. And the greater pity is that a Nationally circulated magazine, with the name of one of the most extensively known men of the world at its masthead, should ever have permitted such baseless attacks to have begun.

"The Jewish people as a whole are among the most patriotic, most charitable, and most constructive of any group in the business and National life of the Nation. They have never turned a deaf ear to the call of their country, whether to arms or to the relief of human suffering or to the financing of war. They have served their Government in many and momentous capacities of honor and trust and responsibility. In municipal and community life they have been active in civic affairs, in education, in culture, and in the economic betterment of the people.

"As a group the Jewish people predominate in several lines of business, but they are particularly fair. This is illus-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

trated and accentuated by the court dockets of every State in the Nation.

"The Dearborn 'Independent' made a serious mistake in its fight, as its owner is now credited with admitting. It is gratifying that Mr. Ford has the manhood to publicly acknowledge the injustice done through him."

"THE CONSTITUTION."

Curtis Wheeler, American

AFTER a flight half-way to Philadelphia from New York to meet Colonel Lindbergh and escort him to his landing-place, Curtis Wheeler wrote an article for The Outlook at our request describing the city's welcome as he saw it from the air. Our readers will remember that article, which was published in The Outlook for June 22. Three weeks and two days after writing that article Curtis Wheeler, who was a captain and operations officer of the National Guard of New York, fell with his plane at a National Guard camp and was killed.

His death, like the death of his comrade, and of others, is the incalculable price which this Nation pays for its neglect of its most disinterested servants and worthiest sons.

Of the significance of that sacrifice and of what it should arouse this Nation to do we speak elsewhere editorially.

Born in Philadelphia, August 18, 1889, son of the late Edward J. and Jennie L. Wheeler, Curtis Wheeler prepared for college at Phillips Andover and graduated from Yale in 1911. His father having been editor of "Current Opinion" and the "Literary Digest," he grew up in a journalistic atmosphere and naturally turned to the publishing business; and five years after graduating from college he had become assistant manager of the Current Literature Publishing Company. In the summer of 1916 he served on the Mexican border, and when the United States entered the World War he was commissioned a second lieutenant in the Field Artillery Reserve Corps, was ordered to France in September, 1917, being assigned to the Fifth Field Artillery of the First Division, was transferred at his own request to the aviation service, served as both observer and pilot first with the French army and then with the Eighty-eighth American Aero Squadron, was promoted to first lieutenant in March, 1919, took part in eleven major engagements, including actions at Château Thierry, the Aisne, and St. Mihiel, and was with the American Army of Occupation at Coblenz.

Returning to the publishing business after the war, he was successively on the editorial staff of the "Literary Digest" and assistant manager of "Everybody's." At the time of his death he was assistant editor of the "Sunday Magazine" of the New York "Herald Tribune." From the time of his graduation he had continuous interest in the work of the Boys Club of New York, being at two separate times volunteer leader of clubs of boys, for one year (that immediately following his return from the war) Director of the Club, and of late years a member of its Board of Trustees. He was active in the Republican organization of his district in New York and was interested in various civic movements. As a patriotic duty he continued his interest in aviation, had been an officer of the 102d Air Squadron since its organization, and at the time of his death was Operations Officer of the Twenty-seventh Division Air Service of the New York State National Guard.

At the request of The Outlook, his close friend, classmate at Yale and intimate companion since graduation, Malcolm W. Davis, a member of The Outlook's editorial staff, has written the subjoined account of Curtis Wheeler in order that those who otherwise would not understand the significance of his death might have a glimpse of his character.—THE EDITORS.

CURTIS WHEELER'S personality was so vital and warm that it is still impossible to realize his loss. We all have a sense that we shall come upon him somewhere in town after the middle of the month, when he was due back.

He came of the stock that established the colonies and founded the Nation, and that must still be its main reliance for the future. On his father's side his heredity was from New England, on his mother's side from the South. The traditions of America ran in his blood.

With him love for his country, loyalty to the flag, and desire for the perfection of the National life were instinctive. He was never happier or more at peace with himself than when he was on service or advancing some chosen cause. It was characteristic of him to disregard personal interests and mere pleasure for its own sake in order to devote himself to activity with a public or social aim. Not that he was ascetic—few men were less so. He gave himself to play as wholeheartedly as to work. But he had an unswerving sense of duty as he saw it—and he put duty first, and in doing it found recreation.

No man whom I have known spent more of his free time voluntarily in pursuits that had some definite and disinterested purpose. To all of them he brought the drive of a never-failing energy and the lift of a buoyant personality. With boldness of conviction, he had a quality of sincere humility that made him ready to face and admit his own errors or shortcomings, to endeavor to correct them, and to learn from others. He was one of the best of team players. Idealistic in motive, the incentives that set him in action were actualities. Too clear-sighted and hard-headed to waste time in regret over illusions, he possessed nevertheless a faculty of high imagination. An undiscouraged faith in life and people made his dominant tone good cheer.

This was the man—full of promise for the future, of priceless worth to his country—who, with his pilot, Lieutenant Carl Sack, fell to his death with the airplane in which he was acting as observer in National Guard maneuvers on July 6, at Pine Camp, Great Bend, New York. The plane they were flying was one of the older J-N type, known to aviators as "Jennies."

Captain Wheeler was never a man to complain or to blame any one. He took things as he found them, and tried to do with them the best he could. But he used to say, at times, that it seemed a shame that the Air Service of the National Guard had to take what machines it could get assigned and attempt to make a demonstration of its value which might arouse public attention and secure better planes in future. The night before he left for camp, talking about the airplanes that were being sent, he said: "I suppose a couple of fellows will have to get killed before they will junk those old ships."

It is time to make sure that his words will not prove to be a prophecy of more deaths than his comrade's and his own.

MALCOLM W. DAVIS.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Psychology in the Sunday School

By CHARLES K. TAYLOR

Two or three years ago the writer was discussing Sunday schools with one of the Sunday-school folk of a most fashionable Fifth Avenue church. "We have quite a good school," said he, "about 150 members."

"And about what is your church membership?" he was asked.

"Well, I would judge between 2,500 and 3,000," he replied. Nor did he seem to see that there was anything particularly significant in what he said until a very pointed remark was made on the subject.

It was then gently intimated that, if the writer knew so much, he had better take a class himself. Now the writer, unfortunately, perhaps, had had quite a little to do with religious teaching, and, besides, this was not the writer's particular church; but the challenge was accepted, and for six months a fairly large group of boys was held—not with catechismatic memorizings or with the various complex abstractions with which so many of our churchmen delight themselves, but with very practical and suited-to-the-age performances put forth simply and effectively in a series published by the Presbyterian Board of Publication.

So much for the author's experience. The whole subject has a real interest when approached from the teaching—and the psychological point of view.

IT would be difficult to imagine a subject more important than ethical and religious teaching. And perhaps no other subject has received more attention—careful, infinitely painstaking attention—from the best and ablest minds, century after century. And yet of all our child-training procedures it would be difficult to find one with which there is less real satisfaction among those who, realizing the serious needs, are observing the methods and noting the results.

The basic reason for the failure is very fundamental. Our chlld-teaching programmes, in subject more than in presentation, are constructed from a wrong angle. That is, they are based on an adult conception as to what a child *should* know, and not upon a knowledge of the concepts that a child *can* understand and appreciate through his various stages of development.

I do not for a moment wish to imply that a child should be taught only those things he likes and can understand. There are many vitally important matters that a child must learn, whether he wishes to or not, and whether he understands or not. It is difficult to have patience with the sentimentalist dictum that a child should be taught only those things in which, by some expedient or other, he can be interested. Here is a theory that implies that adult experience is of small value, despite the fact that such progress as the race is able to make is built upon its experiences—its failures as well as its successes. It is, in fact, very necessary for a child's welfare—physical, mental, and moral—that very decided steps be taken in his training on the part of those who are responsible.

So there are things a child must be taught; and taught over and over again, until reactions become automatic. But when one would base ethical and religious training on automatism of the same kind we strike a very abject kind of failure. By sharp punishment or reiterated warning a child may learn to avoid a danger that he might not comprehend. But when it comes to developing mental attitudes and concepts that will affect behavior during stress, then it is that we meet a totally different problem. The understanding must be appealed to, and, as has been said, the ethical concepts presented must be those that can be comprehended by children of the maturity concerned. Merely putting a highly complex concept in words of one syllable (a very common Sunday-school practice) will not do. We must painstakingly find just what the child can comprehend, and then we can act effectively.

But all this may seem to be a very difficult affair. Fortunately, it is not too difficult. Perhaps a brief description of an experiment in this direction may be suggestive to those who are directly concerned in ethical teaching as well as the work of the Sunday school.

A little time ago the writer presented a large number of every-day, simple ethical concepts to a considerable group of school-children in a number of public and private schools. Every effort was made to learn what concepts were actually understood at the different ages. Sometimes, if an idea did not "get across," then a different mode of presentation was tried, sometimes with success. The result was the obtaining of a series of matters that can be understood, and hence rationally acted upon, by children of progressive age groups.

It would be tedious—not to speak of the length—to list all of the subjects studied. We can, however, perceive the method by the use of one example. It was found that at about seven years a child has gained very definite ideas as to what is meant by possession. In fact, this comes very early, but the rights of others have not become clear at all. A young child is likely to be honest more through fear or habit than from any other reason. And it was also found that at this age, roughly, a child can be brought to appreciate the rights of others in their own possessions. One such group of children was asked what would happen if no one could at any time trust another. The question method is much better than any formal "talk to children." They are induced to evolve the ideas themselves, and these latter therefore mean much more to them than would otherwise be possible. This group concluded that if people did not, and could not, trust one another all windows would have to be barred, workmen would not work for employers, employers could not trust workmen, schools would not dare to lend books to children, there could be no public libraries, stores could have no charge accounts, if there could be stores at all! Once started, they discovered all sorts of predicaments likely to ensue if there were no trust, and if a man was not safe in his possessions. At seven this began to become clear. And yet we find parents almost hysterically alarmed because Johnny, aged five, has gone off with the dime he found on his mother's bureau! Now Johnny must be taught—and right speedily—not to go off with dimes, but he will not be likely to understand why before he is about seven years old.

It was found that a real consideration for others can be developed at about eight years, and that at ten a child can begin to see a real reason for mental cleanliness. This gives the idea of the process, which involves a careful searching for concepts that can be

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

understood, and then building up a course of ethical or religious lessons on those concepts. These concepts will be very simple in the beginning, as will be obvious when one comes to think about it. And yet consider the highly complex definitions and doctrinal intricacies that in the average Sunday-school lesson frequently reduces a child to a complete mental bewilderment or an apathetic acquiescence.

And yet never were we in greater need of effective ethical and religious teaching. But we cannot promise ourselves any worth-while results until the course of study is built upon a knowledge of what can be understood by the child, and not merely upon what we think a child *should* comprehend and act upon.

The Navy and Foreign Trade

By COMMANDER F. J. CLEARY, U. S. N.

WHAT are our National and property interests that the Navy protects?

They are the Philippines, Guam, Samoa, Hawaii, the Panama Canal, Porto Rico, the United States West Indies; the open door policy in China; the Monroe Doctrine; by far the longest coast-line of any nation in the world; an American flag merchant marine plying its peaceful business on the seven seas, numbering approximately 1,500 ships of nearly 8,000,000 gross tons; a yearly foreign trade which for the year 1925 amounted to 92,043,188 tons, valued at $8,848,235,505, and a coastwise trade between our Atlantic, Pacific, and Mexican Gulf ports which for the same year 1925 amounted to 103,855,419 tons, valued at $6,248,864,484; and billions of dollars which our citizens, in good faith, have invested abroad. One out of every six of our citizens who are gainfully employed depends for his living on our foreign export trade; destroy that, and you create an unemployed list of 2,900,000, which is an average of 60,000 for each State.

IN time of war the best means of protection for merchant shipping are the fast cruisers of great steaming radius to patrol the trade routes and escort the convoys of merchant ships. All of a nation's cruisers cannot be used for that purpose, however, as cruisers are needed for service with the fleet. A properly balanced fleet requires one cruiser for each battleship.

Three years from now the ratio of battleships and modern cruisers for the three leading maritime nations will be: United States, 18 battleships, 18 cruisers; Britain, 20 battleships, 50 cruisers; Japan, 10 battleships, 24 cruisers.

So that to protect their merchant shipping these three nations would have cruisers available in the following numbers: United States, 0; Britain, 30; Japan, 14.

BUT Britain says she needs more cruisers than we do to protect her commerce; our external trade is as great as hers and our exports greater. In a way, we would need more cruisers than Britain; she has fortified ports, naval bases, and fueling stations all over the world; we have very few.

Outside of her home ports Britain has the following fuel-oil stations. The amount of oil stored, according to the latest available information, is indicated opposite the name of each station:

Station	Fuel-oil storage (barrels)	
	Naval	Commercial
Gibraltar	[1]Large	42,000
Malta (At least)	500,000	100,000
Simonstown	75,000	[2]120,000
Trincomali (Ceylon)	[3]1,334,000	None
Hongkong	210,000	285,000
Sydney	142,000	240,000
Auckland	70,000	[4]
Esquimalt, B. C.	5,000	None
Halifax	None	190,000
Bermuda	110,000	55,000
Bombay	None	105,000
Freetown (Sierra Leone, B. W. A.)	120,000	None
Port Saïd	112,000	344,000
Suez	[1]Some	100,000
Port Sudan (Anglo-Egyptian Sudan)	168,000	75,000
Aden (Arabia)	175,000	100,000
Colombo (Ceylon)	500,000	168,000
Rangoon (Burma)	[5]1,080,000	150,000
Rangoon (Burma)	[6]720,000	
Singapore	5,460,000	[7]150,000
Kingston (Jamaica)	110,000	None
Port Stanley (Falkland Islands)	[1]Some	None

[1] Amount not known.
[2] At Cape Town.
[3] When completed.
[4] Navy tanks for commercial use also.
[5] Total.
[6] Actual.
[7] Approximately.

We have outside of our home ports Honolulu, Manila, and Canal Zone, or three in all.

While naval vessels of any nation can obtain fuel in practically all ports of the world at any time as long as the nation to which they belong is at peace, their freedom in that respect is greatly restricted by neutrality laws when that nation is at war.

The neutrality law adopted by practically every nation relative to fueling reads thus: "Belligerent ships of war which have taken fuel in a port of a neutral Power cannot within the succeeding three months replenish their supply in a port of the same Power." So, if the United States were at war with another Power and Britain were neutral, any ship of ours that had taken fuel at Singapore, for instance, could not, until three months had elapsed, take fuel again either at Singapore or any other port of the British Empire in any part of the world. So it is readily seen what an enormous advantage is possessed by a nation having well-distributed fueling stations.

A VERY large part of our merchant tonnage was built during the war, when the only thought was to transport food and supplies overseas. Many of these ships are expensive to operate and slow in speed. Slowness in speed not only detracts from their usefulness as naval auxiliaries, but also greatly reduces their earning power, as passengers and valuable cargoes will not travel on a slow ship if a faster ship is available. Of our total merchant tonnage of 11,000,000, only 1,670,000 has a speed of greater than 12 knots; while of Britain's total merchant tonnage of 20,000,000, 8,500,000 has a speed of greater than 12 knots.

For the six years of 1922 to 1927 the building of ocean-going merchant ships of 2,000 gross tonnage and over has practically ceased in the United States, while all other nations have built and are building large numbers of new ships to capture and hold the world's trade. The figures are as follows:

	1922 Ships	1927 Tonnage
United States	18	199,884
Britain	741	4,588,847
Japan	71	350,556
France	80	507,329
Italy	91	805,945
Germany	221	1,348,533

At that rate, it will not take very many years to place all of the world's carrying trade in the hands of foreigners, and when that happens our prosperity will begin to decline. Of our yearly foreign world trade of $8,848,000,000, approximately half of it is ex-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Springfield Missouri

port. With foreign carriers, much of that export trade will be taken from us by foreign manufacturers. To illustrate how our export trade fluctuates with availability of our own shipping, the figures relative to our South American trade will be of interest.

Our average trade with South America for the five years before the war was $330,000,000 annually; in 1915, $360,000,000; in 1916, $572,000,000; with a consistent and steady increase year by year until it reached, in 1920, $1,384,000,000. In that year the foreign lines and foreign commercial business between South America and Europe were again in full operation and our trade fell off, reaching, in 1921, $569,000,000, a loss of $815,000,000 in one year.

The American flag lines to South America were then inaugurated by the United States Shipping Board, and our trade to South America again began to increase until it reached, in 1926, $1,011,000,000.

Of our foreign trade in 1925, amounting to $8,848,000,000, only 33 per cent was carried in American ships and 67 per cent was carried in foreign ships. For carrying that value of foreign trade there were paid $600,000,000 in transportation charges, of which $402,000,000 went to foreigners, and only $198,000,000 went to Americans. The more and better merchant ships we have operating, the more of that $600,000,000 will go into the pockets of American citizens, and the less of it will go into the pockets of foreigners.

I THINK that I have shown you the situation very clearly. The duty of every loyal American citizen is to use his utmost endeavors to build up and maintain an adequate Navy and an adequate merchant marine and to see that the latter carries much the greater part of our foreign trade.

The Foreign Ministers' Conclave[1]

By ELBERT FRANCIS BALDWIN

The Outlook's Editor in Europe

THE other day Aristide Briand's eyesight suddenly went back on him. Forthwith he had to quit the June meeting of the League of Nations' Council.

The Council's membership was largely composed of the Foreign Ministers of the various member states. Sir Austen Chamberlain, British Foreign Minister, presided over these early summer sessions.

"Briand's is a diplomatic illness," was the snap judgment of many newspaper critics. "It is the result of stormy sessions," they added, "and he finds this excuse to escape the rest of the agenda. Despair would now seem to characterize the attitude of Ministers who a year and a half ago at Locarno were optimistic."

I learn from one of them that the snap judgments are unjustified—that the problems in hand had been thrashed over before M. Briand's return, that the sessions had "passed off in greatest tranquillity," and that, as to despair, the last line in the Council's latest communication to the outside world reads, "Locarno policies continue."

What were some of this year's difficulties confronting the carrying out of policies looking towards the justice agreed on at Locarno?

Well, for example, there was the Lithuanian attitude relative to the proper international use of the very important port of Memel. Due to the energetic intervention of the British and German Foreign Ministers, this affair was settled by the Lithuanian Government's eleventh-hour surrender.

Then there were the Free Port of Danzig and the Rumano-Hungarian agrarian conflicts. Fortunately, decisions on these questions could be left to the Council's September meeting.

Not so the Albanian problem. Of course, it could not have been plumped into open discussion at a public session without an impossible amount of preliminary, private preparation. Hence it was necessarily treated by the direct method of outside conversations. This nevertheless aroused some caustic criticism among disappointed newsmongers on the spot. The decision reached, however, is now plain enough.

The same method of outside conversations was pursued with respect to the Bolsheviks. In common abhorrence regarding their excesses, the Council agreed that each country was to be sole judge of its own attitude towards them.

The supposedly outstanding event, now denied, of the meeting was the formal assurance to Germany of representation on the Mandates Commission. Yet this privilege does not overplease all German nationalists; it only "imposes upon a Germany deprived of colonies," their chief organ complains, "a share of the responsibility for the maladministration of her former colonial territories by the Mandatory Powers."

Germany at home, not abroad, was the great question before the Council. Regarding the new concrete shelters and fortifications constructed along the frontier of Poland and violating treaty provisions, a proper dismantlement had been requested by the Powers and agreed upon by Germany. Allied officers had been assigned by their respective embassies in Germany to inspect the result. The Government, however, was disinclined to allow this, claiming (certainly with reason, in native opinion) that it implied a revival of Interallied control, now supplanted by League control. The German Government's attitude gives rise to the suspicion that its real motive may be to concede something in this direction (where Germany has been found at fault!) for what the Allies may possibly offer in the Rhineland, either in reduction of effectives or even in evacuation of territory. The Government's attitude, however, so my authority says, has under League control become more reasonable and now indicates a speedy settlement.

So much for politics. In the world of economics one little gesture of the Council may prove of equal value. It was nothing more than the advancement of the date set for the assembling of the Diplomatic Conference on the Abolition of Import and Export Prohibitions and Restrictions. The recently adjourned World Economic Conference had indicated November 14 as the date of meeting. The Council now changed it to October 17, and also invited the International Chamber of Commerce to send a delegation. The various Governments will doubtless empower their delegates to the October Conference to take definite official action. Thus the Council's eagerness in bringing about an earlier meeting is a welcome earnest of the desire (already expressed by several Governments) to show by deed their adhesion to the Economic Conference's recommendations looking towards larger freedom of exchange.

Paris, June 24, 1927.

[1] See editorial comment.—THE EDITORS.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now in China

An American Home and the Chinese Revolution

By MARGUERITTE HARMON BRO

AT least once a day all week I have looked at the telegram. It is not often in a lifetime that so few words can contain so much of property loss. Not that all we owned would make a pretentious showing on an income-tax sheet, but it was our all. A few months ago we left our house—our home and everything which comprised it—in China. We left it quite complete, including heirlooms carefully carried from our old homes in America, our books, our silver—everything from canned fruit to piano. And now it is scattered as loot over various portions of the Chinese map. It is gone, and we expect no indemnity nor recompense. We start again just where we started when we were married, only minus the wedding presents and plus three children. I look now and then at the telegram. But it is not as one gazes on a corpse. Rather as one returns to a fact which should be a source of overwhelming anxiety but insists, instead, upon being something of an adventure.

WE have spent some years in China; a very real part of us will always be there; a very real part of China will always be with us. As the letters come in every mail from Chinese, American, and British friends, I am continually impressed by the fact that those who live nearest the Chinese people and who have lost proportionately most heavily in the recent disturbances are most optimistic over the present trend of affairs. Perhaps it is that the sudden and complete loss of property, real and personal, has a tendency to give one "the long look." Then, too, rearing children in China develops a resilient nature. And, finally, a property loss is quite overbalanced by the thrilling compensations of having been a part, no matter how small, of China's new day.

The newspapers reflect so small a part of what is really going on in China. The mob action and the raids of disorganized soldiers are but the foam upon the surface of a mighty rushing river. It is inevitable in time of flood that so mighty a river should wash from its banks a certain amount of riffraff. It is inevitable that the turbulent stream should precipitate long-forgotten trash. The torrents may for a time be muddy, but the mud is carried by the force of the stream; the power is in the stream, not the mud.

All the world knows of the havoc wrought in Nanking. Letters and newspapers have been full of the unexpectedness of that day of terror. There is no doubt that it was a planned attack, beginning and closing at a prearranged signal. No one can explain away the things which happened. We had eight relatives in Nanking that day. In front of me lie letters from them and personal friends.

One friend lay for hours in a coal-bin covered with coal while her faithful servants joined in the reviling of foreigners in order that they might stand near to protect her and finally lead her to safety. Another friend and his wife lay under a pile of wood for two hours, having left their baby—dressed in Chinese clothes—with its nurse. They were finally rescued by university students, who paid for the privilege twenty dollars to each of the assembled soldiers. The principal of a girls' school was huddled in a corner covered with old clothes while her students sat on her to protect her. An American wife of a Chinese returned student was hid in a beggar's hovel. Another American girl was hid in a haystack for twelve hours after she had been shot. Children had clothes and glasses torn from them. In more than one instance American men and women were backed against a stone wall and given a limited number of minutes in which to persuade their Chinese friends to produce a stated amount of cash or die. Many are the stories where Chinese risked their lives and sacrificed all their property to protect their foreign friends.

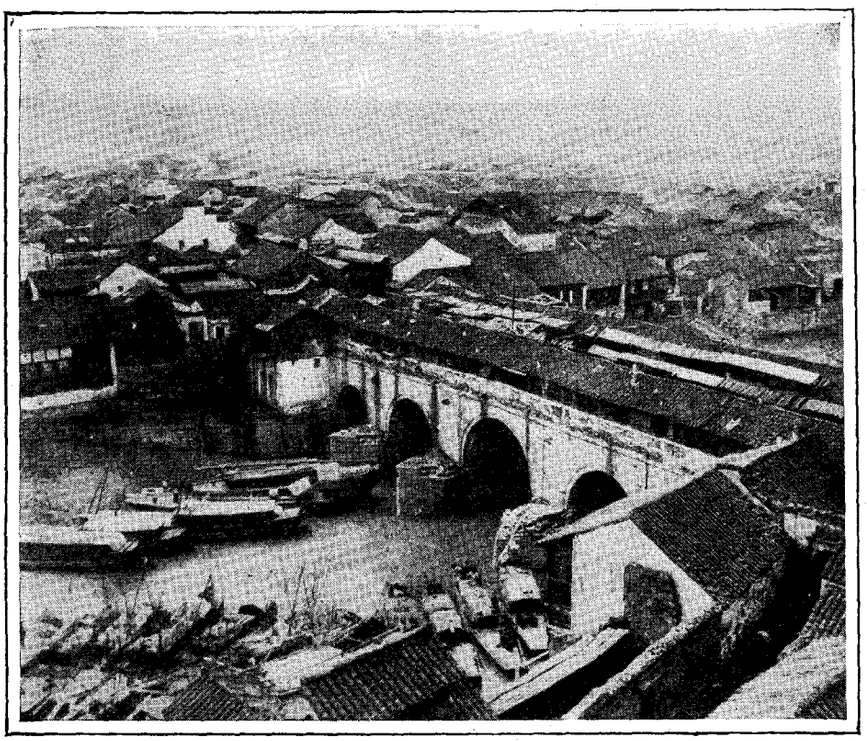
All the world knows of this havoc wrought in Nanking. But comparatively few know that the raiding soldiers were a branch of the Red wing—the Communist left—of the Nationalist army. Still fewer know that the soldiers were mainly Hunanese, noted for years for their anti-foreign feeling. (Just who paid them for their trouble that day is not yet certain.) And there has been no publicity at all of the fact that they had just completed forty-eight hours of continuous attack against a Northern army employing numerous white Russian soldiers. There is no excuse for the pillage of Nanking, but the psychology is sound. Ignorant soldiers, mad with fatigue after forty-eight hours' fighting against white Russians, would hardly be in a state to distinguish the white residents of Nanking.

The folly, the ignorance, the tragedy of a mob—all were conspicuous that day in Nanking. One soldier was seen preserving the symmetry of a mantel he had just looted; in each hand he carried a candlestick and dangling from his teeth was the French clock. Another soldier was so enchanted with the magic power of a telephone that he tore out the receiver and thrust it into his pocket for future use. Another held a foreigner at the point of a bayonet, demanding the man write a check; the foreigner wrote too slowly for him, so he grabbed the whole book of unsigned checks and made away. Another ate bath salts, mistaking them for foreign candy. A university professor lost the accumulated library and home furnishings of a lifetime. But a loyal servant hunted him out the next day and presented what he had been able to rescue from the ruins—three shoe-strings, a college mortar-board, and a motto which proclaimed "The Beauty of the Home is Order."

And in the hands of such as these lay the lives of hundreds of citizens of Nanking and some three hundred Americans and Europeans. A mob is a mob the world over. I have a Chinese friend in Detroit. He is a man of many generations of culture and education; a man in whose ancestral hall are the tablets of his family since the time Columbus discovered America; a man of deep understanding and good will. He was walking down the street with two Chinese friends the day the American papers announced 120 Americans killed in Nanking. He stopped to buy a paper, and some one on the street corner called out, "Kill those damn Chinamen!" Before they could take refuge in a near-by drug-store stones, mud, and epithets were sailing through the air, and my Chinese friends reached home in a sorry condition. Such barbarism is about as representative of cultured Detroit as are the atrocities of Nanking characteristic of that city. I know something of a mob, having twice been the object against which it asserted itself. Verily, a mob is a mob and war is never synonymous with calm judgment.

Speaking of missionary activities in China, a preacher said to me the other day, "Well, the jig is up in China."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Underwood & Underwood

A glimpse of Nanking

Poor man! I did not argue with him. For one thing, he was older than I. For another, his mind is bounded on all four sides by these newspaper headlines. The jig is not up. The march is on. Masses of people are shaken out of the ruts of ages and swept along in a hurried march they know not where. But the leaders know. For the first time since the Revolution of 1911 the leaders know where they are going and the route to their destination. And the number of leaders grows daily.

THE greatest leader of young China is Sun Yat-sen. Though dead, his is the living personality about which young China gathers. What Washington and Lincoln are to the American people Sun Yat-sen is to the Chinese people. Only he is nearer in point of time, for the present leaders are his personal disciples. For forty years Sun traveled over China and around the world trying to bring the Chinese people to a realization of their latent power, trying to infuse a sense of national solidarity. His great difficulty was the fact that he was a living, human man. He made mistakes. But as soon as he was dead his mistakes were forgotten—Mark Antony to the contrary—and his principles stood out with all the force of his personality. To-day in most of the schools of China the day is begun by the students standing reverently before the unveiled picture of Sun, repeating together his principles and pledging allegiance to the flag. His will, embodying these principles, is a classic which reads strangely like the Constitution of the United States or a recasting of the Sermon on the Mount. He urges the people to struggle for a stronger and freer national life, to struggle for a fuller and richer content in the life of the masses, to struggle for a more worthy place in the family of nations, and to struggle towards a new cultural expression which unites the best in their intellectual and spiritual life with the best in modern scientific civilization. These principles have been made into slogans and are declaimed across the breadth of the country.

This struggle is led by the Kuomingtang (*kuo* meaning "country," *ming* meaning "people," and *tang* meaning "party")—the People's Party, or the Nationalist Party. It is the only movement in China which resembles anything like the political parties of this country. It had its rise in Kwantung Province. It proved itself before it pushed northward. In one year the taxes in that province increased from $4,000,000 to $80,000,000, silver. Not one extra cent was levied on the people; the "squeeze" was conserved! The second year the money for governmental purposes went to $120,000,000. T. V. Soong, Minister of Finance at Canton, is a Harvard graduate; he spent two years in Wall Street; along with other leaders he receives a salary of eight dollars a month and lives very simply indeed. And the Government's money goes for governmental purposes. Sewerage, popular health campaigns, an efficient police system, and honest courts are among his innovations. The strength of the Nationalist Party is not in armies, but in their ability to govern.

THE Nationalist army is not a corporate entity. It is split into two divisions. The left wing is Communist, advised and subsidized by Russian leaders. The right wing is conservative, strongly national, Socialistic to the point of demanding a decrease in working hours and an increase in wages, better working conditions, insurance against unemployment, sickness, accident, and old age, but they hold no sympathy with the Russian theory that the land and natural resources of the world must be redistributed in accordance with population. The balance of power has been first with one wing and then the other. At present the consensus of opinion seems to be that Communism can never have a lasting hold upon the Chinese; their family life and their philosophy are too deeply opposed to it. But it catches the inflammable students and has a quick popularity among nonproducers. And in teaching organization and propaganda it has made a valuable contribution to the Nationalist Party. At present it looks as though Chiang Kai-shek may have the personality and the backing of the people to hold the party together and to absorb the left wing.

The leadership of this new party is young; according to present reports, there is not a man over forty years of age. Undoubtedly they will make the mistakes of youth, but also they have the daring of youth—the daring to die for an ideal. China has had few wars for an ideal, and ideals are as intoxicating and potent in China as elsewhere. "Our lives are of little count," say the students, with a certain challenging recklessness, "if we can insure a chance for development to our children." "The European Powers may frustrate us now," they admit when confronted with the fact that European nations could swing the balance of power into the hands of Chang Tso-lin by furnishing him arms and money, "but what are a million lives if we are free in the end? We will wait five years and rise again." As one stands in the midst of it, there is something overwhelming and inevitable about the movement. One can argue it away; it cannot be; it never was before; it does not fit in with the scheme of things; it is not written in the treaties; we do not admit its existence. But there it is, growing from the inside out. Humble folk in humble places vitally concerned with their own development, and just as

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

keen about their responsibilities as about their rights.

THE movement is naturally destructive in the sense that war must always be destructive—loss of life and loss of property. But at the same time it is curiously constructive. In former years Hankow raised millions in taxes for dikes, and dikes never appeared. Now Hankow is in a state of war, and expert advisers are called in by the new Government and in a few months the dikes are a reality. My own city of Luchowfu, Anhwei, has prided itself on its inaccessibility and on its old-fashioned ways. Over and over enterprising individuals have tried to get electric lights, and always they failed. This year the city is swept by the spirit of the Nationalist movement, and the electric-light plant becomes a reality and the city blazes with cheap, efficient light. A motor road, scientifically constructed, connects it with the provincial capital, where last year a man must be pushed in a wheelbarrow or carried in a sedan chair. Hu Shih, the foremost leader of the literary renaissance, has pointed out that, although China is divided by civil war, it was never so united. China appears anti-Christian, anti-foreign, and anti-modern, but never were the people so Christian, so "foreign," and so modern. Though China would seem to be going backward, she is pushing forward.

There is a very striking contrast between the leadership of the Nationalist Party, represented by men like Chiang Kai-shek, Eugene Chen, and T. V. Soong, and the leadership of the old military régime, represented by Chang Tso-lin. Chang Tso-lin is typical of those war lords who have been in power since Yuan Shi-kai. He is both the product of and the dictator of a strong military machine. He has, so he says, the best good of the Chinese people at heart. But, while he has grown to be many times a millionaire, the President of China has deteriorated into a puppet who jumps when he pulls the string. The name Republic has been but a blind for Chang's dictatorship. I have been told that elections are still possible in China, but I have never yet met an individual who had voted. Chang and his consortium of military dictators are strong, but the people have had enough of dictators and are fertile soil for the democratic propaganda of the Nationalists.

JUST what is America's attitude toward this Nationalist movement? It has been suggested by some enterprising Americans—and by some Chinese—that America join with other Powers in taking temporary possession of China, policing the entire country and putting its affairs in order. The best answer to that proposition is the Chinese proverb, "You can't hang a jellyfish on a nail." China has no great trunk-line communications to be taken in charge as a means of control; successful business in no way depends on interprovincial trade nor on foreign trade; each little hamlet, each community, is comparatively self-sufficing. Eighty per cent of the people are farmers, and a Chinese can literally raise his sustenance from a patch of ground no larger than an average tablecloth. It is almost impossible to starve a Chinese. Efficient police for an unwilling China would demand a larger force than the standing armies of the world.

Always there are some who cry war. There are alarmists who advocate the suppression of the Yellow Peril by force. The Chinese are a peace-loving people, but when they fight they fight without regard to cost of lives. In the Tai-ping War, which ended about the time of our Civil War, more lives were lost than on all sides during the World War. And China is still going strong. The task of subjugating China by force undoubtedly would be as impossible as unnecessary.

But there is "a more excellent way." On the surface it might seem that there is no way to negotiate treaties with a country which has no representative power with which to negotiate. There is no stable government in China, and we feel bound by an old insistence that the Powers act together in dealing with China. Obviously, it would be unfair to cancel our present treaties without preliminary adjustment; it would be unfair to American business in China and to Chinese business carried on under the protection of foreign concessions. But the British and the Japanese and the Belgians have found a way to negotiate with China. They have dealt directly with public opinion in China. Last fall there was no effective government, but the Belgian Minister negotiated through the Foreign Minister at Peking. The Minister did, in that case, represent public opinion. The Belgians relinquished their concession in Tientsin; the old treaty was canceled, and negotiations were opened for a new treaty on a basis of mutual equality and respect for territorial integrity.

The Japanese are now negotiating. In December, when the British issued a memorandum asking for unity of action by the Powers, they did not get it. So they opened negotiations directly and independently with Canton and Peking, and soon after signed an agreement relative to British concessions at Hankow and Kiukiang.

FEW Americans realize the strength of Chinese public opinion. We have no counterpart in this country. Public opinion drove Yuan Shi-kai from the throne when he took it upon himself to become Emperor. In 1919 public opinion drove the Anfus from power when the people thought they were selling China to the Japanese. Public opinion has given the numerically small National forces control over half the Republic in six months. Right now the dominant factor in the Chinese situation is this newly awakened sense of national unity. It is so hard for us to understand that there can be united public opinion without a government to express it.

Formerly we assumed that foreign nations had a right to determine on what basis foreigners could do business and reside in China. We exercised their inherent rights of nationality. The question now is, Do we admit that the Chinese have the right to decide under what conditions foreigners shall live and do business in China? If so, it is quite feasible to invite the Chinese to send delegates to Washington to work out new treaties on a basis of mutual respect, equality, and fair dealing. Secretary of State Kellogg made an excellent beginning in the statement he issued on America's China policy. Later the Nanking atrocities called forth the protest that we must take "appropriate measures." Probably the United States never took such "appropriate measures" as in the return of the Boxer Indemnity twenty-five years ago. In good will to our trade we have reaped many times the amount of the money remitted. We made the generous gesture at the psychological moment. The river of Chinese democracy is at the flood, and it is only a matter of time until it sweeps its way into the sea of common experience where all such rivers merge.

IT is well to remember that for the Chinese this struggle is life or death for future generations. For us it is a matter of inconvenience. Our investments are temporarily endangered and our personal property gone. I admit that when I think of the precious tiny stitches in the quilt my grandmother made for me just before she died and realize that some dirty Chinese soldier is probably sleeping in it, I am ready to order out the American Navy. Multiply my quilt by ten thousand instances, and we have war. But the grandmother who left the quilt left also a sense of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

humor. Who are we to stem the tide of four hundred million people intoxicated with a newly discovered sense of their omnipotence? And, being thoroughly American, my grandmother left me a bit of pragmatic philosophy. This present march of the Chinese people is bound to reach its goal. Why shouldn't we cheer them along and be invited to the party on the festive day? I do so want once more to walk down the main street of a little country village in central China and hear one Chinese citizen say to another, as often I have heard it: "She is from America, our Elder Sister Republic. She is from the Country Beautiful which treats all men as brothers."

Missionaries of Missouri

A University Source of Sound Journalism

By GEORGE MARVIN

"MISSI MISSOURI" (if you can tack a Latin nominative plural on an Indian nominative singular)—literally "those sent" of Missouri—here and there over this planet you will find them and by their works you shall know them, journalistic missionaries from the first school of journalism in the world, stowed away at the end of a branch line of railroad in the very little and very significant town of Columbia, Missouri. In nine different countries you will find them and in every one of the States of this Union.

On the edge of a sluggish canal that does double duty as sewer and urban waterway in the capital of a far country sits Frank Hinckley Hedges, "B. J. '19," managing editor of the "Japan Advertiser" and Chargé d'Affaires of Americanism. His newspaper has a larger circulation than the combined circulations of the other English-print dailies of Japan, although some hundreds of thousands short of the huge sales of the vernacular press in a country where there is only two per cent of illiteracy. The jurisdiction of his diplomatic influence overlaps Japan into the port cities of the contiguous Chinese mainland and Siberia, and even faintly so far as Hawaii and the Philippines—whithersoever the enterprising and very readable "Japan Advertiser" finds its extra-insular circulation.

THE paper is well named. But it advertises more things than Japan. It translates fair Americanism for a people sometimes bewildered by the apparent inconsistency between protestation and performance, between Christian missions and exclusion acts. It keeps its head cool in hot times and helps the accredited foreign correspondents of big United States dailies to cable just reports of national and international happenings in the Orient. Day by day—except Monday, for Sunday is observed each week as a sabbatical period—it keeps the light of clean and square journalism shining brightly on the coasts of trouble.

In the truest sense Hedges, "B.J. '19," is a missionary of good will. According to the precepts of its founder, 1,927 years ago, he is as effective and as faithful an emissary of week-day Christianity as those who proclaim their faith and works on Sundays. "B.J." after his name means Bachelor of Journalism, the degree with which he graduated from the University of Missouri only eight years ago. That degree was invented at "Missouri" and first offered in 1913 by Walter Williams, the well-beloved Dean of the School of Journalism, which he founded at Columbia, Missouri, in 1908. Since that time 499 men and 308 women have earned and gone forth with the two new letters added to their names, not to preach, but to learn and digest and express and report the gospel truth. Their creed is not a vague one, half understood or incommunicable. It is specifically written in the words of Dean Williams, which every graduate of the School knows by heart, a workable creed to be worked out in sweat and ink and persistently recorded in type. It is an apostles' creed, for literally these "baccalaurei in journalistibus" are men and maids sent forth as advocates of an important belief in this world. This is how it goes:

Stratton Duluth Brooks
President of the University of Missouri

> I believe that advertising, news and editorial columns should alike serve the best interests of readers; that *a single standard of helpful truth and cleanness* should prevail for all; *that the supreme test of good journalism is the measure of its public service.*
>
> *I believe that the journalism which succeeds best—and best deserves success—fears God and honors man;* is stoutly independent, unmoved by pride of opinion or greed of power, constructive, tolerant but never careless, self-controlled, patient, *always respectful of its readers but always unafraid;* is quickly indignant at injustice; is unswayed by the appeal of privilege or the clamor of the mob; seeks to give every man a chance and, *as far as law and honest wage and recognition of human brotherhood can make it so, an equal chance;* is profoundly patriotic while sincerely promoting international good will and cementing world-comradeship; is a journalism of humanity, of and for today's world.
>
> WALTER WILLIAMS, Dean.

HEDGES puts that credo into the news make-up of his paper and writes it through editorials as simple and clear as well-told news. He sits in a new concrete office, slapped up by the faith of the owner while still the fires of the Tokyo earthquake were burning, on the ashes of the old building of the "Japan Advertiser." Through the windows of the editorial sanctum he looks down on acres of corrugated-iron roofing built by stubborn Japanese belief in their capital city, and underneath the floor you can hear the hum of big presses brought across the Pacific by belief in the written word well printed. Hedges isn't the only Missouri "B.J." in Tokyo. Three other graduates of Dean Williams's

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

School and believers in his creed hold subordinate jobs on the same paper. The representative of the Associated Press in Tokyo during the terrific days of the earthquake and the much more trying months of the exclusion legislation was Joseph Glenn Babb, B.J. '15, formerly a managing editor of the "Japan Advertiser," and now Associated Press correspondent in Shanghai. Very materially he helped Cyrus Woods, the American missionary-Ambassador, to preserve the faith born of undiscriminating charity through the discrimination of racial prejudice. The United Press correspondent for Japan is a "B.J. '22," and Matsuji Muneo, editor of the English edition of the Tokyo "Asahi," is a former student of the Missouri School of Journalism.

So much for Japan. In China the same influence is felt. J. B. Powell, B.J. '10, editor of the "China Weekly Review" and the "China Press," correspondent of the Chicago "Tribune," and Secretary of the American Chamber of Commerce, keeps his head above the welter of international misunderstandings and recriminations in Shanghai while the tremendous, inert thing called China tries gropingly to assert its independence. Just four years ago he was kidnapped into international prominence by the Chinese bandits of Shantung, who bagged him with a train-load of foreign devils to hold for ransom. Among the several sensible ingredients which prevented this episode from developing into another foreign intervention and duplication of the post-Boxer palavers must be counted Powell's innate sense of humor —which survived leagues of rocky forced marching in nothing but a suit of pajamas—and a Missouri sense of unexaggerated news. Powell, through his own papers and his press affiliations, was in a position immeasurably to make trouble or to keep an untwisted balance in South China and in the foreign chancelleries. Powell, B.J., did the balanced, not the sensational, thing, just as he had been doing year in and year out in his conception of what makes sound journalism. The kind of Americanism he represents in Shanghai is the solid, sane kind that used to discriminate in China the one friendly Power of the "open door" from all the rest of the concession-hunting and territorially ambitious European nations who were zealously minding China's business.

And just as the decent, square-deal, fundamental United States, that a perplexed Japan still manages to believe in, has its missionary spokesmen in Hedges and his Missouri colleagues at Tokyo, so a vast illiterate group of satrapies, with a superficial Occidental democracy imposed upon it, experiencing now the pangs of rebirth, finds some reassurance in Powell and his scarce kind.

But the little town of Columbia, Missouri, shoots its influence even deeper into the public opinion of China. There is Hayden Nichols, B.J. '20, manager of the Chinese Government Bureau of Economic Information; Horace Felton, B.J. '23, is on the Shanghai "Times," and his classmate, Pei-yu Chien, is in the Ministry of Finance at Peking. Two of Chien's compatriots of a year's later vintage are doing their several bits to promote a better understanding of China in this country: Eva Chang writes "special features" Oriental stories for the New York "Herald Tribune," Chin-jen Chen in Washington, D. C., helps to direct the Chinese Educational Mission according to the creed he learned at Columbia. At 33 North Gate Street, Kaifeng, in the far-away province of Honan, Chung Chen, B.J. '20, who used to be secretary to the provincial governor, has started an independent newspaper of his own expressly modeled on the "Columbia Missourian," and at the University of Yenching Vernon Nash, B.J. '14, is spreading Dean Williams's gospel in a Department of Journalism which follows as closely as may be the system of the parent School at Columbia. The same truth-telling standards he is establishing in the teaching of the journalist's profession in North China are being spread through South China by Maurice Votaw, B.J. '19, the apostolic professor of square-deal news at St. John's University at Shanghai, where Y. P. Wang, B.J. '23, author of "The Rise of the Native Press in China," has become dean of the Department of Journalism in the neighboring Southern University.

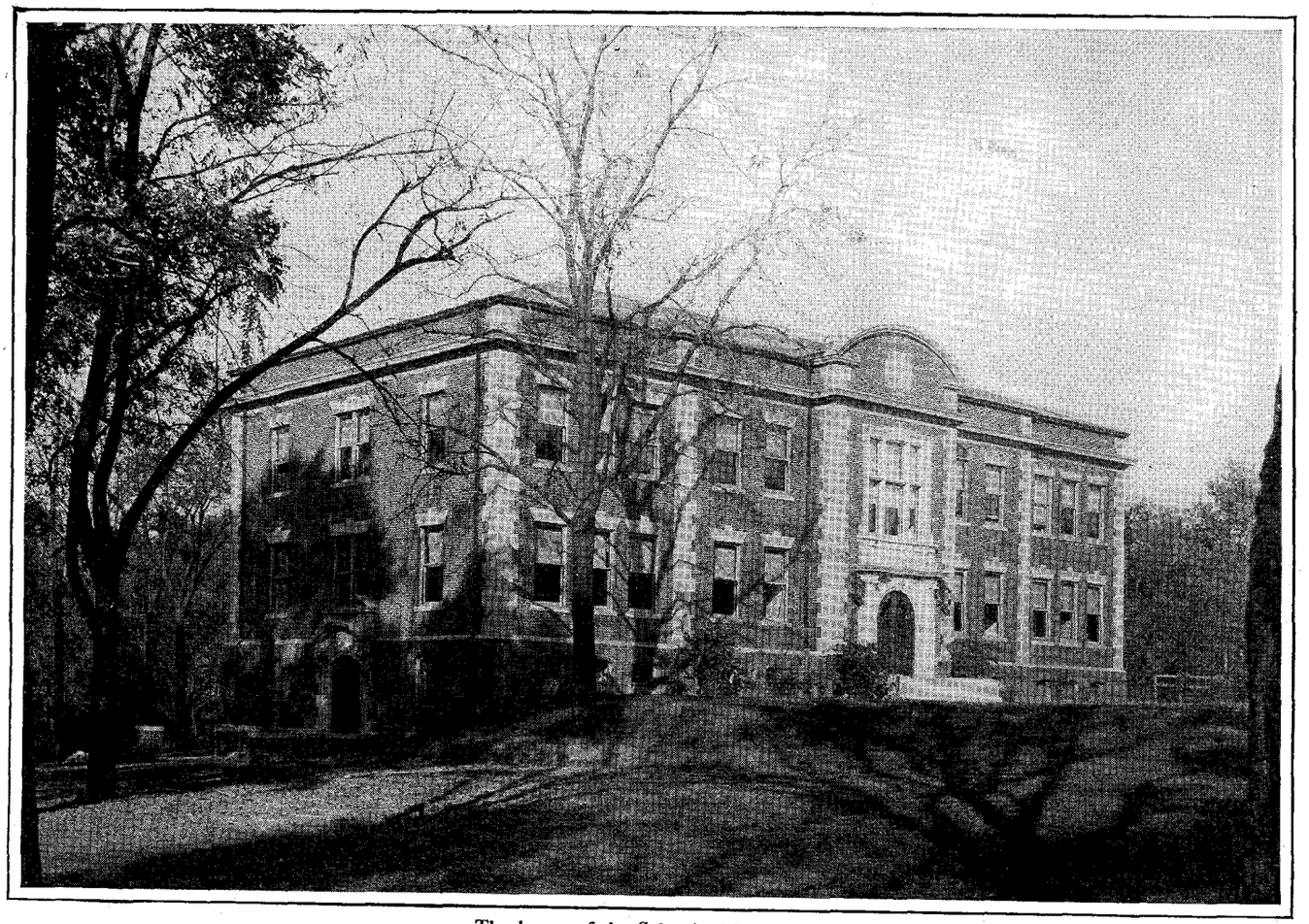
All of this who's-whoing indicates an extraordinary permeation of the growing journalistic consciousness of new China by a missionary influence from one small town in the State of Missouri. Not all of the "missi Missouri" sent out to the Orient can be mentioned here, but the most influential apostle of them all "east of Suez" is undoubtedly Hin Wong, B.J. '12, who more than any other one man or agency maintains a measure of truth and sanity in the news emanating from or entering that hotbed of Chinese radicalism that is modern Canton. Wong is an important guiding influence in a variety of capacities: As founder and editor of the Canton "Daily News" and managing editor of the Canton "Star," through English and vernacular editions he is in a position to mold local public opinion to the extent of his circulations; as President of Kwangtung College, lecturer on history in the Canton Normal College, and Director of the Intelligence Bureau of the Military Government of South China he can reach officially another constituency with his Missouri-taught creed "that a single standard of helpful truth and cleanness should prevail for all;" and as correspondent for Reuter's Service, the Associated Press of America, and various other syndicates and agencies under the British, American, and Japanese flags he can bring an appreciable influence to bear upon the interpretation of Chinese news to the rest of the world. In 1921 he was elected Vice-President of the Press Congress of the World. In the trend of things Chinese this one Missouri B.J. matters a whole lot. Away out there in South China, on the other side of the world from the place of his inspiration, he justifies the importance given to his profession by a great American editor who afterwards became Ambassador to the Court of St. James's. Dean Williams quotes to each successive class of his at Columbia the words of Whitelaw Reid:

> Journalism has come to be the most powerful of all professions in civilization. I am not so sure that in its instant influence for good or evil it is not more powerful than all other professions combined.

Missouri's missionaries do not confine themselves to the Orient. Go they into all the world to write and copy-read and edit the Columbia gospel for every creature, although it is only reasonable to find, as might be supposed, that the heavy majority of them come from their native State of "Mo." and many of them after graduation go back to work in "Mo." Myrtle Wright, B.J. '16, is on the Winnipeg "Tribune" in Canada and Clarence Elliot, '14, is sales and service manager of the Reid Press in Hamilton, Ontario. At the other, southern, end of the Americas Manuel Mortola, '25, is writing Columbian journalism for readers of Spanish papers in Buenos Aires, Argentina; and Aristides Montiero, B.J. '17, is putting the same kind of message into Portuguese at São Paulo, Brazil.

Arch Rodgers, B.J. '22, is assistant manager of the United Press office at Rio de Janeiro, while Nelson J. Riley, a former student, is with the United Press office at Santiago, Chile. Now, reckoning from East to West, there's Eliseo Quirino, a B.J. of Missouri in 1921, who was one of the first two students to be awarded the degree of Master of Science in Journalism at Columbia University, teaching his profession in the University of the Philippines at Manila, where his classmate, Morris Harris, is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The home of the School of Journalism

reporting on the Manila "Daily Bulletin." In the London Bureau of the Associated Press Frank Haviland King, B.J. '17, who was formerly staff correspondent in Siberia and Russia, is now "covering" Downing Street for the American members of the Associated Press.

Home missions naturally bulk larger in the indexed personnel than foreign fields. Missouri B.J.'s are editors of newspapers in many United States cities: in New Orleans, Boston, Nashville, Philadelphia, Toledo, St. Louis, Minneapolis, Tacoma, Kansas City, Memphis, and in many smaller towns from Virginia to California. Others are carrying the message Dean Williams gave them to younger schools of journalism at Leland Stanford, Tulane University, Butler University, Georgia Tech., Washington (St. Louis), and the State Universities of Florida, Wisconsin, Nebraska, Oregon, Montana, Michigan, and Texas. Seven of them, as professors or instructors, are teaching in their own School of Journalism at Columbia the doctrine and the practice they have in a measure mastered. Three or four are Washington correspondents, and too many to be mentioned are still reporters learning a job that is always new. A goodly proportion have wandered or been lured from the paths of straight journalism into the more lucrative neighboring fields of advertising or publicity. Other B. J.'s try to carry Missouri standards into telling the world about good furniture in Grand Rapids or good clothing in the House of Kuppenheimer. Publicities for the Metro Pictures in Hollywood and the South Manchuria Railway are alike committed to the hands of Missouri graduates in journalism.

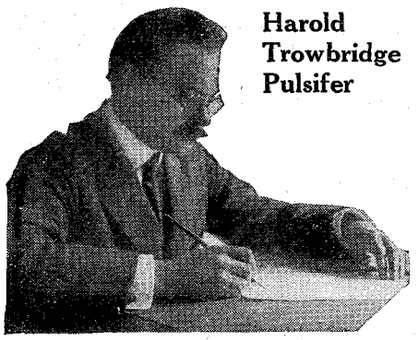
WITHOUT going any further, it would seem abundantly evident that Dean Williams had started something. Yet, in spite of all the evidence, there are those who stoutly maintain that journalism cannot be taught. The building occupied by the School at Columbia is the gift of Ward A. Neff, a graduate in the class of '13 and Vice-President of the Corn-Belt Farm Dailies, who named it "Neff Hall" in memory of his father, Jay H. Neff, of Kansas City, "Mo.," founder of the "Daily Drovers Telegram," first of all the Corn Belt dailies. The building is thoroughly equipped as a printing plant, to be used as a practical laboratory of newspaper making and publishing, wherewith to combine experience and doctrine. In Neff Hall the students of journalism write, edit, set up, print, and publish the local daily called "The Columbia Missourian," the weekly "Columbia Herald-Statesman," and an illustrated Saturday supplement to the "Missourian" under the name of the "Missourian Magazine."

So much continuing work of a practical newspaper character ought to go far to quash the doubts of the old-timers as to the efficacy of schools preparatory to earning a living in competitive newspaper, publicity, or advertising work. The two points most worth remembering about the Missouri School of Journalism and its Dean are these: It was the first school, and he the first advocate of the degree value, of this profession in the arts and sciences of a university; and then, the more important point—the missionary value of these young men and women sent out to influence the opinions and the conclusions and, it may be, the actions of mankind. Immeasurably more effective is their mission in its possible influence, seeping into daily life and thought, than congresses of preaching. The creed they learn may be in faithful practice worth more for peace than any Versailles.

Grant them thy truth, that they may be forgiven.
[So runs the hymn on Armistice Sunday.]
Grant peace on earth, and after we have striven,
Peace in thy heaven.

The religion of clean truth-telling brings daily a kind of peace in this world.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Harold Trowbridge Pulsifer

Glory o' the Dawn

A story that will stir the hearts of all who love the ways of ships and the mystery of the past

"GLORY O' THE DAWN," by Harold Trowbridge Pulsifer, a story of singular beauty, is told with a quiet impressiveness suggestive of Hawthorne. In the once flourishing Maine port of Middlehaven Caleb Gurney, stone-mason, ship-builder, and maker of models, gave years of his life and all the passion of his soul to recreating in miniature "Glory o' the Dawn." It was not merely a ship model that he fashioned, but a symbol of past greatness. The splendor of those ships which once carried New England's fame through all the seven seas lived again in the moving beauty of the model.

The Savor of the Sea

The San Francisco "Journal" says: "This little story is one of remarkable beauty and strength."

The Boston "Globe" says: "It is a rare occasion in the world of books when such a little gem as this is born."

The New York "Herald" says: "Mr. Pulsifer has compounded the pathos and humor of this text into a pleasing mixture."

The "Public Ledger" says: "Mr. Pulsifer has molded his prose to the same sensitive craftsmanship he has given to the shaping of poetry."

An Autographed Copy for You!

Mr. Pulsifer has kindly volunteered to autograph special copies of this book for those who accept the offer which appears below. The offer is limited, however, to subscribers of The Outlook. Simply mail the coupon today. Send no money now. Attractively bound in blue cloth with silver stamping, printed on heavy paper.

MAIL THIS COUPON

The Outlook Company,
Book Division,
120 East 16th Street, New York.

You may send me my copy of "Glory o' the Dawn," by Harold Trowbridge Pulsifer, specially autographed by the author. Upon receipt of it I will pay the postman $1 plus a few cents for postage. If I am not satisfied for any reason, I will return it at your expense with the understanding that you are to refund the money I have paid.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

Out. 7-20-27

What Prohibition Has Done for the Mountaineers

By FRANCIS PRIDEMORE

I HAVE recently returned from a visit to the mountains, where for many years I—like my father and my grandfather before me—made moonshine. Although approximately eight years have passed since I ran off my last liquor—thirty-six gallons of pure corn whisky—my still, which was my chief inheritance from my father, is even now seeing service, turning out more liquor and worse than in all the previous eighty years of its history. One of my second cousins makes his headquarters in the cave where for a number of years I and my companions defied discovery by prohibition agents and Revenue officers alike; and he, like every one else who is operating in the mountains to-day, has forgotten the old moonshining tradition.

In 1923, writing in The Outlook, I foretold that unless the Government altered its method of dealing with the mountain moonshiners, whisky-making in West Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee would increase to an almost irrepressible degree. On my visit I saw my prophecy abundantly fulfilled.

Before the prohibition era moonshining had never been a commercial proposition. It originated, as I think is generally known, as a gesture of defiance at a law which the majority of the inhabitants of that section considered as basically unjust as the Prohibition Act is considered by a large number of well-educated citizens. Rightly or wrongly, the mountaineer was never able to discriminate between corn turned into pork and corn turned into whisky. While a great deal of distilling undoubtedly did go on, it was of a very different sort. Liquor was mostly made for our home consumption. We made "settin' hen" or peach brandy just as we preserved wild plums and made currant jell. Occasionally we might sell a bottle, but the trade was entirely retail and none was ever shipped outside. Bootleggers, blind tigers, and speak-easies were confined to the larger cities of the lowlands, and were despised by the mountaineer. Our liquor differed from that of the licensed distiller only in that it was seldom aged and still more infrequently colored. In purity and "authority" it compared favorably with the best-known brands of the regular trade. My brandies (peach, apple, and particularly plum and apricot) were compounded from a recipe handed down by my grandfather and jealously guarded, and when, after the beginning of prohibition and towards the end of my career as a moonshiner, I began selling liquor on a commercial scale, my brandy commanded such a deservedly high price that I made more money than I ever expect to make again. In those days the quality of our liquor was a source of real pride.

TIMES have changed, however, and the moonshiners of West Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee have changed with them. The old-time moonshiner, who despised adulterants and bootleggers as much as he hated the Revenue, has disappeared completely. The commercial element has entered in, and the moonshiner, who was an otherwise law-abiding citizen making whisky for the sake of a principle, has been transformed into the bootlegger, who is a criminal dealing in poison for the sake of a profit.

Even the most credulous drinker knows that industrial alcohol is poisonous and the liquors concocted therefrom deadly, but there is a widespread belief that moonshine is comparatively harmless because pure. Such, however, is no longer the fact. In his haste to get his product on the market, the moonshiner no longer removes the poisonous aldehydes and fusel oil by triple distilling. Twice is enough for the scrupulous minority, while the unscrupulous majority are content to run it through just once.

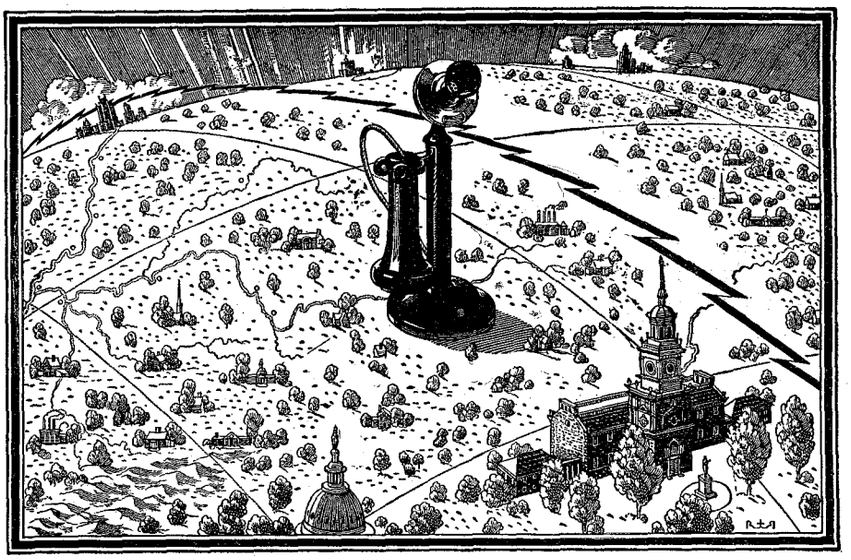
IN the two months of my stay, it seemed to me that I saw enough poison to kill every man, woman, and child in the United States. All this is a great pity—pitiful because it was unnecessary. Moonshiners of the old-type never approved of the saloon. If the object of prohibition had been set before them so that they had understood that the law applied to everybody alike, and was no

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

longer a question of licensing or taxation, the moonshiners of my day would have been entirely willing to dismantle their stills. I know my people, and I am certain that, properly appealed to, they would have pledged themselves to observe the law. If their word had once been passed, the hillsides would no longer bristle with stills. But the time for explanation has gone by. A new generation knowing not the old gods is springing up. The curse of the rest of America is upon the mountains. The slogan, "Easy money and large profits," has proved a siren song, so that a situation has arisen with which the entire United States Army, including the marines in Nicaragua, would find it difficult to cope.

I understand that Government figures show that two-thirds of the home-grown liquor in the United States comes from this region I have just been visiting. Well can I believe it! If the sole object of prohibition had been to make fifteen stills spring up where only one flourished before, it could not have been more successful. Moonshining—once a minor side-issue—has now attained the proportions of an industry second only to the coal business.

For many years this region, although the poorest as far as actual money in the pockets of its inhabitants went, was one of the richest in potential wealth. The development of its natural resources combined with the sudden enormous increase in illegitimate gain is having a most detrimental effect upon my people. We of the mountains were formerly reproached for our ignorance and backwardness, but it was generally conceded that virtues of a high order were peculiarly our own—scrupulous honesty, unfaltering loyalty, unfailing hospitality; our pledged word was better than a lowlander's bonded oath; we were loyal to our friends though it was to our own hurt; we were aboveboard with our foes. *O tempora! O mores!* The old generation sits by the fireplaces helplessly watching the younger forsaking the old ways—exchanging wool stockings, protracted meetings, and song "ballets" for fiber silk, movies, and jazz. There is no longer so much drinking as in the old days, for we are too wise to drink the liquor we sell; but gambling and other dissipations are more prevalent than ever before. We are no longer poverty-stricken, but we are still ignorant—more dangerously so than before, since, in our ignorance, we have exchanged the patriarchal dignity and simplicity of the moonshiner for the sinister sophistication of the bootlegger.



The Traveler's Telephone

An Advertisement of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company

AMERICANS are the greatest travelers in the world. They have knit the country together by steel rails and made it the largest and most prosperous business community the world has ever seen. Business, friendship and political solidarity are maintained by personal touch, by travel and the telephone.

Wherever the business man goes in this country, be it thirty miles or three thousand, he is still within earshot of his office, his family and his friends. He can get them and they can get him, and for the longest call in the United States the day rate is only $12 and the night rate is only $6.

For the Bell Telephone System is an idea in force nationally. All the instruments are designed in the largest industrial laboratory in the world and made in the same factories to the one standard of fitness. All of the telephone builders, repairers and operators are trained to the same ideal and aim; stated by President Walter S. Gifford as:

"A telephone service for the nation, so far as humanly possible free from imperfections, errors or delays, and enabling at all times anyone anywhere to pick up a telephone and talk to anyone else anywhere else, clearly, quickly and at a reasonable cost."

WANTED—CARTOONS

The Outlook wishes to receive cartoons from its readers, clipped from their favorite newspaper. Each cartoon should have the sender's name and address together with the name and date of the newspaper from which it is taken pinned or pasted to its back. Cartoons should be mailed flat, not rolled. We pay one dollar ($1) for each cartoon which we find available for reproduction. Some readers in the past have lost payment to which they were entitled because they have failed to give the information which we require. It is impossible for us to acknowledge or return cartoons which prove unavailable for publication.

The Editors of The Outlook, 120 East 16th St., New York City

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Book Table

Edited by EDMUND PEARSON

Ave atque Vale, Sherlock!

A BRIEF but painful calculation makes it apparent that about thirty-five years have gone by since the summer evening when I climbed into a cherry tree with a copy of the "Strand Magazine." The reason why I did not wish to be disturbed, and more especially why I did not wish anybody else to see the magazine, and get it away from me, was that it contained one of the early stories of Sherlock Holmes—then in his golden prime. It may have been even earlier that we made his first acquaintance in this country when "The Sign of Four" came out in "Lippincott's Magazine." But as soon as the series commenced in the "Strand," with a succession of stories which has only come to an end within a few months, we were all bond slaves of the detective of Baker Street, with his hawklike face, his fore-and-aft cap, his cocaine bottle, and his faithful acolytes, Dr. Watson and Mrs. Hudson.

His creator, Sir Conan Doyle, admits in the present volume[1] that when "decrepit gentlemen" come and say that Sherlock's adventures formed the reading of their boyhood he does not glow with that enthusiasm which they seem to expect. Nevertheless those who knew Holmes in his early days are bound to reflect that this summer promises to bring to an end one of the most delightful, persistent, and extraordinary characters in fiction. Hardly any other living writer aside from Sir Conan Doyle and but few of the very great writers of the past have invented characters whose names become part of the language. Every one knows what you mean if you say of a man that he is a "regular Sherlock Holmes." Run over in your mind all the other characters in fiction, and see how few of them are so universally recognized. This fame is not national, but world-wide.

The author now definitely says "Farewell, Sherlock Holmes," and I think (and am rather inclined to hope) that he means what he says. Skeptics will remember that many years ago Sherlock tumbled from a lofty mountain in Switzerland, locked in a tight embrace with the late Professor Moriarty. He came out of it somehow, and turned up three years later in the guise of an eccentric bibliophile (devoted to books on tree worship) to delight and mystify Dr. Watson and to defeat Colonel Moran. Years later he made "His Last Bow" and utterly confounded the master spy of the German Empire. It is an interesting fact, by the way, that he prepared for this patriotic service by dwelling for some time in the underworld of Chicago. But the daily writings of the late John Wanamaker persist, fresh and attractive as ever, years after his death. And though Sherlock Holmes be absolutely retired, raising his bees on the Sussex Downs, there is always that chest of documents kept by Dr. Watson, which may be released for publication.

I do not share this view, for I believe that Sir Conan is now in earnest. Whether Holmes is really not "the man he was" before he fell off that mountain, or whether we, his admirers, are not the men we were when we used to climb cherry trees, the fact is plain that something has happened to somebody. I am inclined to acquit Holmes, because I remember that some excellent stories (such as the ingenious tale of "The Five Napoleons") are later in date than the disaster in the Alps. The trouble with most of the adventures in "The Case Book of Sherlock Holmes" is that there is too little Sherlockery in them. Their author has a tale of violence or of some dreadful and mysterious power of nature to relate, while he lets Sherlock stand by almost as helpless a spectator as his companion and chronicler. There are no longer shown those keen powers of deduction which baffled the arch-crook John Clay, solved the fantastic meaning of the Red-Headed League, and clapped handcuffs upon the criminal's wrists before he could commit the crime. Yet now and then there are flashes of the old fire, and these are most noticeable in the present volume in "The Adventure of the Sussex Vampire," "The Adventure of Shoscombe Old Place," and "The Adventure of the Retired Colourman."

However, as his friends said of the gambler who had lost his money, he was a great fellow while he had it. Who can ever forget the most surprising moment in detective fiction—the arrest of Jefferson Hope in "A Study in Scarlet"? (In Mr. Gillette's play it was Professor Moriarty who was arrested in this manner.) There was also the terrible and bizarre death of Sholto in "The Sign of Four;" and the curious invention of the Red-Headed League, which reappears in the present book in the *motif* of "The Three Garridebs." There was horror in the story of the Speckled Band; an odd humor in the loss of the Blue Carbuncle; and an amazing moment of suspense when Sherlock's client in "The Hound of the Baskervilles" revealed the nature of the footprints which he found beside the dead man. Holmes's powers of deduction were at their best in "Silver Blaze," "The Five Napoleons," and "The Bruce-Partington Plans." There was a fine atmosphere of antiquarianism around "The Musgrave Ritual." Those were indeed the great old days.

Now that the game of questionnaires is abroad in the land, it can do no harm, and may interest a few readers, if I reprint a "Sherlock Holmes Examination" which I wrote for the Boston "Evening Transcript" at least fifteen years ago. With a graceful bow to the "Transcript" in taking its permission for granted, here are the questions for the amusement of Sherlockians:

1. In what place did Dr. Watson first meet Sherlock Holmes?
2. According to the latest information, where is Holmes now, how is his health, and what is he doing?
3. Which one of his cases mentioned early by Dr. Watson was afterwards written, apparently because its title allured and fascinated some devoted Sherlockians?
4. What were Dr. Watson's early impressions of Holmes's education and general information?
5. Were these impressions borne out by longer acquaintance?
6. Was Holmes a university man? If so, what university?
7. Did Watson always represent himself as supremely stupid?
8. In what two other stories, not of the Sherlock Holmes series, are the opinions of Holmes quoted anonymously?
9. Approximately, how many other cases of Holmes never related by Dr. Watson are nevertheless mentioned by him by name? Name ten of them.
10. What case enabled Holmes to take his "first stride" toward eminence in his profession as detective?
11. What, in Holmes's opinion, was the strangest case he ever handled?

[1] The Case Book of Sherlock Holmes. By A. Conan Doyle. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $2.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

12. Name four of his cases which originated in America.

13. Where did Holmes keep his cigars? His tobacco?

14. What was Mrs. Watson's maiden name?

15. How long was Sherlock absent at the time of his supposed death? Where was he?

16. Is anything known of his ancestry or hereditary influences?

17. (A) What did Sherlock's brother, Mycroft, do? (B) What was his club?

18. What first gave Holmes the idea to take up detective work as a profession?

19. Name three of the cases which involve murder; three in which robbery is involved; three which concern other crimes; three in which no crime is involved.

Fiction

ON LOVE. By Marie-Henri Beyle (de Stendhal). Boni & Liveright, New York. $2.50.

We are told that in America the work of Stendhal "has affected men like James Huneker and others to a point where they could only discuss him in terms of ecstasy." Still others can restrain their feelings. But every one will admit that Stendhal is an outstanding figure in the French literature of the first half of the last century. In a sense he was a forerunner of the naturalistic school. That he had solid qualities is shown by the fact that his vogue increased and continued despite early lack of popularity—for instance, the present novel (Stendhal said it was his best) sold only seventeen copies in eleven years. The publishers have done a real service to students of literature in bringing out this complete edition of Stendhal's works.

"BUT YESTERDAY—" By Maud Diver. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $2.50.

It is a new idea for a dead statesman to haunt his relatives—not as a common spook or ghost, but as an iron will, recognized by the hauntees as truly his—in order to prevent them from writing his biography. He had his reasons, and on them rests the plot of the story, which (apart from the spook *motif* and apart also from a rather excessive musical *motif*) is romantic and holds the reader's attention well. Few modern novelists have dealt satisfactorily with the realm between the other world and this. Algernon Blackwood's tales have few rivals.

BEADS OF SILENCE. By Lilian Bamburg. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

There is a strange series of apparently disconnected murders each of which has to do with an Indian necklace, for a stone from it is found in the mouth of every victim. The reader is duly and thoroughly puzzled, but must admit that the complicated solution fits together, "belie.e it or not."

BERNARD QUESNAY. By André Maurois. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.

This book is disappointing. From the author of "Ariel," we expected better things. But the *dénouement* proves that heredity does descend, despite the Behaviorist theory. The young ex-soldier Bernard at twenty-seven will, we feel, never be a cog in his grandfather's mill. He is in his first youth, he has a sweetheart, he is interested in the workers and their problems with the philanthropic spirit of the very young. Then a gradual metamorphosis takes place! And it is his brother, after all—his brother the plodder—who makes the sweeping gesture of liberation, who determines to live; for life to him is most truly embodied in his wife, Françoise.

The industrial side of the picture is fairly well done, the rivalry between the two houses of Pascal and Quesnay amusing. But the point is that we are not stirred by it. Even the account of the strike is insignificant. Beauty—such poignant beauty as there is—appears in the letter from Simone to Bernard, in the scene at the opera between Françoise and her husband, in the few intimate talks between Bernard and his sister-in-law. The author goes more successfully to the deeps of the two women present. His analysis of his hero is not profound. Bernard remains a superficial character from start to finish, and his story leaves us cold.

WHEN IS ALWAYS? By Coningsby Dawson. The Cosmopolitan Book Corporation, New York. $2.

Who admires Coningsby Dawson's novels? Few men, we should be willing to bet. This is like the rest of them—a tale of a young man who quivers, and cringes, and dodges, and suffers under the snares and temptations of love, and is really as harmless as a new-born babe. There is always the imputation that he is about to do or at least to feel something devilishly naughty, while in reality he never does a thing but shuffle and run away. All his women are forced to take him captive, and to pursue him, and to capture him again; and why they think him worth the trouble is the unsolved puzzle about this young gentleman. What he seems to need is a good hard jolt from time to time, administered by some regular man.

Has the reader ever noticed the alternative popularity of the she-man with a certain class of fiction readers? Next to being clubbed over the head at the mouth of a cave, there is nothing better than leading a male puppy at the end of an apron-string.

ROWFOREST. By Anthony Pryde. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $2.

So practiced a writer as Mr. Pryde need not have resorted to melodrama to make his story readable, although one of his young ladies is so impossible that the best thing to do with her was to burn her alive in the heavily mortgaged Manor House. In its purport "Rowforest" is a gentle lament over the passing of the English landed ruling class and the appearance in their place of blatant vulgarians dripping with war profits. The old guard dies (out) but never surrenders, he seems to say. Despite faults, the book reads easily and is likely to prove popular.

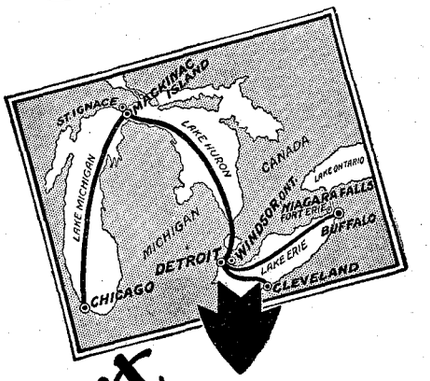
CAPTAINS IN CONFLICT. By Robert R. Updegraff. With a Foreword by A. W. Shaw. The A. W. Shaw Company, Chicago. $2.

A brisk attempt at putting big business into a novel, with creditable results, even though it centers about cutthroat competition in the manufacture of stoves. The result is naturally rather metallic.

THE TAVERN KNIGHT. By Raphael Sabatini. Houghton, Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.

With engaging frankness the author in a prefatory note relates that two years ago he reluctantly consented to the publication in America of some of his earlier novels; that he had hoped "the exhumation of immature work" was over, and that two others would "rest in the graves to which I had consigned them." But "The Tavern Knight" is to be in the "movies," so here it is. "Cheer up," the author seems to say, "there is only one other of that lot still unpublished in America." "The Tavern Knight" is not a bad tale, at that. Mr.

Vacation days on the Great Lakes



Visit **MACKINAC ISLAND NIAGARA FALLS CHICAGO DETROIT CLEVELAND BUFFALO**

CRUISE on the swiftest and most luxurious steamers on the Great Lakes; see MACKINAC ISLAND, "The Summer Wonderland" with its historic points of interest, and marvelous climate; fish at "The Snows" near Mackinac. Riding, swimming, tennis and every outdoor recreation. All these are included in a D & C lake tour. Stop over as long as you like at any port.

Good Times Aboard

Concerts and dancing on Buffalo and Mackinac divisions. Bridge, teas, golf and deck games with ship's social hostess in charge on the Mackinac Division boats. Tickets on this division limited to sleeping accommodations. Steamers for Mackinac leave Detroit Tuesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, at 1:30 P.M. (E. T.), and leave Chicago Mondays, Thursdays, Saturdays, at 1:30 P.M. (C. T.).

Overnight Service

between Cleveland and Detroit; between Buffalo, Niagara Falls and Detroit; and between Detroit or Chicago and Mackinac Island. Also daylight trips between Cleveland and Detroit on Wednesdays and Saturdays during July and August.

ROUND TRIP FARES
(Including Berth and Meals)

Between

CHICAGO and DETROIT $60
MACKINAC ISLAND and CHICAGO or DETROIT $30
BUFFALO and CHICAGO $79

	One Way	Round Trip
CLEVELAND and DETROIT Berth and meals extra	$3.50	$ 6.00
BUFFALO and DETROIT .... Berth and meals extra	$6.00	$11.00

No Surcharge

For reservations or further information address E. H. McCracken, Gen. Pass. Agt., Dept. 22, at Detroit, Mich.

DETROIT & CLEVELAND NAVIGATION COMPANY

D&C LAKE LINES Steamers

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Increasing
THE
Security
underlying your investment
IN
SMITH BONDS
through Sinking Fund Provisions

Ask for Booklet "6-34"
it contains detailed information on the operation of the sinking funds, also the safeguards that protect your investment in Smith Bonds.

Our Mail Service Department
No matter where you may be you can avail yourself of the Mail Order Service of our Home Office in Washington, D. C. Your investments and inquiries will be given the same personal, efficient and courteous attention you would receive if you called at one of our offices.

The F. H. SMITH Co.
Founded 1873
Smith Building, Washington, D.C.
285 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y.
Continental & Commercial Bank Bldg., Chicago, Ill.
BOSTON ALBANY BUFFALO
MINNEAPOLIS ST. LOUIS

Kindly send Booklet and information regarding SMITH BONDS.

NAME_____ 6-34

ADDRESS_____

STOPS SHOPPING SICKNESS

and the exhaustion, faintness, nausea and dizziness caused by travel motion. Journey by Sea, Train, Car, Auto or Air in perfect comfort with Mothersill's. 32
75c. & $1.50 at Drug Stores or direct
The Mothersill Remedy Co., Ltd.
New York Montreal
Paris London
MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY
25 Years In Use

THE OUTLOOK RECOMMENDS
TEACHERS' AGENCY
The Pratt Teachers Agency
70 Fifth Avenue, New York
Recommends teachers to colleges, public and private schools.
EXPERT SERVICE

IMPORTANT TO SUBSCRIBERS

When you notify The Outlook of a change in your address, both the old and the new address should be given. Kindly write, if possible, two weeks before the change is to take effect.

Sabatini could doubtless make better use of the plot and characters if he were to rewrite it. But it moves; swords clash; Roundhead and Cavalier strive in love and in war; it will make a good "movie."

Politics and Government

THE FORMS OF WAR GOVERNMENT IN FRANCE. By Pierre Renouvin. The Yale University Press, New Haven. $2.50.

This is another addition to the series of volumes devoted to the economic and social history of the World War, edited by Professor John T. Shotwell and published for the Carnegie Endowment for Universal Peace. It supplies much intelligent information concerning the workings of the French Government under war conditions. Any one wanting to start a war with France will do well to read it.

Philosophy

THE ABILITIES OF MAN: THEIR NATURE AND MEASUREMENT. By C. Spearman. The Macmillan Company, New York. $4.50.

Professor Spearman, who abides at the University of London, has put together the result of much research by fellow-psychologists in an effort to tell mankind more about itself. The result is highly scientific.

Essays and Criticism

THE MAIN STREAM. By Stuart Sherman. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.50.

This volume contains the best of the later essays which the late Stuart Sherman wrote for "Books," the newspaper review of which he was editor. They reveal an increasing tendency to deal sympathetically with the new literary product, even that part of it which least appealed to his personal taste. While he was a college professor, he remained a doughty and rather bitter champion of the older standards and fashions of writing. By the time "Critical Woodcuts" appeared he had discovered that the critic's first duty "is not to exploit his own predilections; it is rather to understand the entire 'conspiracy' of forces involved in the taste of his day. What is 'important' now and never may be so again has a charm for him which he would think it a kind of baseness and disloyalty not to admit and record."

But this critic never lost or disowned his personal preconceptions and "ulterior purposes." In the opening paper of "The Main Stream," called "Disinterested? No!" he argues that the new æsthetic theory of criticism, as advanced by Mr. Spingarn and others, is worse than the old moralistic criticism. "Frankly, this criticism without preconceptions and ulterior purposes appears to me impossible and unreal. It is criticism devoid of its *raison d'être*. . . . As a matter of fact, we value our critics in proportion to the soundness and the abundance of their preconceptions and in proportion to the adequacy of their ulterior purposes."

In theme these papers range from Carl Sandburg to Thomas Jefferson, and from Nicholas Murray Butler to Montaigne, and they well mark the powers of one who, if not a great critic, was often brilliant and habitually sound.

DANTE. By John Jay Chapman. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.50.

This interesting brief study of Dante is refreshingly free from the obeisant awe of his genius which prevents many Dante worshipers from admitting flaws in his work or defects in his character. Mr. Chapman, while recognizing the nobility of the poet's "immortal courage," finds him also—as many plain ordinary readers have timidly suspected before—somewhat ignobly bad-tempered, and is not afraid to say so. But he is no gloating belittler of the great; he is an admiring reader and translator of Dante, and much of the book is occupied by his rendition, in *terza rima*, of favorite passages from the "Divine Comedy" with accompanying comment.

Travel

IN CHINA. By Abel Bonnard. Translated by Veronica Lucas. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3.50.

Winner of a literary prize from the French Academy, M. Bonnard's book is an engaging narrative of travel in China, none the less so from having a French viewpoint. It is up to date in its survey of celestial conditions and entertains with its diversity.

History

CHILE AND ITS RELATIONS WITH THE UNITED STATES. By Henry Clay Evans, Professor of History in the University of Florida. The Duke University Press, Durham, N. C. $2.50.

This carefully written monograph covers the oft-ruffled relations of the most northern and southern of American republics since the latter cast off the shackles of Spain, concluding with the unfortunate outcome of the Tacna-Arica arbitration. Professor Evans feels that not only the prestige of the United States but the arbitral methods of settling disputes has been impaired. Chile holds its provinces and the question remains unsolved under a decree that cannot be enforced save through war.

THE STORY OF CIVIL LIBERTY IN THE UNITED STATES. By Leon Whipple. The Vanguard Press, New York. 50c.

Professor Whipple reveals rather the story of the steady repression of civil liberty than progress in the direction of its extension. The facts show a constant cramping by legislatures and courts. The record is not encouraging and indicates the existence of conditions that require the assertion of popular protest if rights long held sacred are to be maintained.

Sociology

WHERE IS CIVILIZATION GOING? By Scott Nearing. The Vanguard Press, New York. 50c.

Professor Nearing believes human progress has been spiral, not in a circle. The elimination of the corkscrew does not disturb his theory. Plutocracy is giving way, class society is outworn; in short, we are getting on under better conditions than ever prevailed before. He hopes in time to have a "human society."

Humor

I THINK I REMEMBER. By Magdalen King-Hall. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.

Miss King-Hall presents in "The Random Recollections of Sir Wickham Woolicomb, An Ordinary Snob and Gentleman" (which is the subtitle of her new book), an amusing successor to "The Diary of a Young Lady of Fashion," although one by no means the equal of that joyous literary prank. Even the most undiscerning of her readers who accepted that engaging young person, Miss Cleone Knox of the "Diary," as a historic personage, will not be as pleasantly bamboozled again by the pompously asinine Sir Wickham, who is obviously too perfect a specimen of his type to be true. "I *Think* I Remember" (italics the author's) is frank burlesque, and good burlesque, of those all-too-plentiful recent volumes of reminiscences, mostly trivial or inane, which depend for their success upon a free sprinkling of titles, the dragging in of an occasional great name, a general attitude of being always in the know and in the swim, and the responsive snobbery and curiosity of the public. Sir Wickham is a Victorian, of course. But, though he is funny, a little of him goes a long way. Miss King-Hall is less happy in his portrayal than when she allows her playful-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Springfield Mission

less the advantage of a more colorful period, scene, and personages—and especially of a lively young lady in preference to a dunderheaded old gentleman.

Polar Exploration

FIRST CROSSING OF THE POLAR SEA. By Roald Amundsen and Lincoln Ellsworth. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $5.

A year ago—to be precise, on May 11, 1926—the Amundsen-Ellsworth expedition aboard the airship Norge sailed due north from Kings Bay in Spitzbergen. Three days later, without change of course, the great dirigible was descried by Eskimos in Alaska gliding southward from Arctic wastes. For the first time men had crossed from Europe to America via the North Pole. Newspaper reports were voluminous and in the main accurate, but the record as given here by the leaders themselves must always be considered the final authority on a transit which ushers in a new epoch of polar flying.

It is a book well documented and replete with illustrations, simply written, without any attempt to achieve effects. The participants are their own historians. Five other members contributed each a chapter on his specialty, notably Lieutenant Riiser-Larsen, who describes the problems of navigation involved in extended air voyages, and Finn Malmgren, who kept the meteorological records. One omission does not surprise the reader—the absence of a chapter by General (erstwhile Colonel) Nobile, constructor of the Norge and its commander. Nevertheless his part is not minimized, though the authors are careful to specify his relative position in the general scheme. To Amundsen, whose leadership meant everything, to Ellsworth, who unselfishly seconded him and contributed a very large share of the cost ($125,000), and to the Norwegian Aero Club must be attributed first honors. In the bibliography of polar exploration this book falls easily in the front rank.

Miscellaneous

CERTAIN SAMARITANS. By Esther Pohl Lovejoy. The Macmillan Company, New York. $3.50.

A vivacious account of the work carried out, mainly in the Near East, by the American Women's Medical Association since 1917. Certainly it is a record of philanthropy that makes its workers worthy to rank with the Good Samaritan.

COPY. 1927. STORIES, PLAYS, POEMS AND ESSAYS. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.

This year's issue of the annual anthology made up from the published work of the Writers' Club of Columbia University. All the material is by advanced students in the University course in creative writing, and has been actually played or published. The selections have been made by a committee of which Miss Helen Hull, of the Literature Department, is the head, and it is she who writes the introduction. In poetry the collection is weak; otherwise it makes an excellent showing, with several pieces of real distinction, notably the play of two children (not a children's play), "Close to the Wind," by Eleanor Barnes, and the painfully good short story, "Zinnias," by Mary Wolfe Thompson.

Books Received

THE BEST STORIES OF MARY E. WILKINS. Harper & Brothers, New York. $2.

THE LITTLE TOWN. By Harlan Paul Douglass. The Macmillan Company, New York.

ROADS FROM EDEN. By Lew Liu Luh. A. G. Seiler, New York. $3.

WHAT MAY I BELIEVE? By Edmund Davison Soper. The Abingdon Press, New York. $1.50.

THE FUTURE OF FUTURISM. By John Rodker. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $1.

SCIENCE OF TO-DAY. By Sir Oliver Lodge. Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.

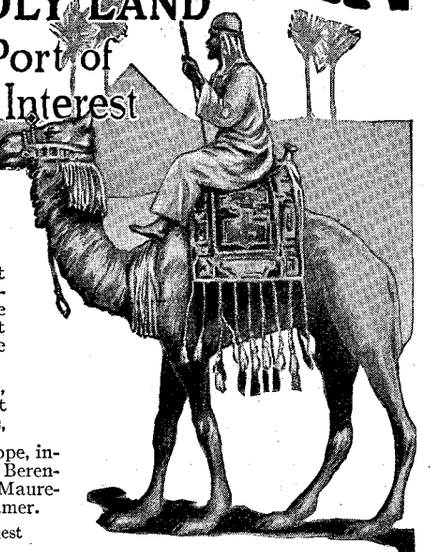
FRANK'S 6th Annual CRUISE DE LUXE Jan. 25, 1928

MEDITERRANEAN

NEAR EAST

EGYPT - HOLY LAND

and practically Every Port of Historic and Romantic Interest



Again the Famous Trans-Atlantic Liner

"SCYTHIA"

exclusively chartered for our guests, limit 390; especially adapted for cruising: spacious decks, two elevators, unusually large and well ventilated cabins — all with hot and cold running water — suites, private baths; finest Cunard service and cuisine.

Rates, reasonable for luxurious service, include attractive trips at every port, best hotels, automobiles, special trains, guides, etc.

Free stop-over in Europe, including return by S.S. "Berengaria," "Aquitania," "Mauretania" or any Cunard steamer.

Full information on request

Travel Service throughout Europe Independent or With Escort, Securing All Reservations in Advance. Send for Book E.

FRANK TOURIST CO.

(Established 1875) 542 Fifth Avenue, New York

Philadelphia—1529 Locust St. Boston—33 Devonshire St.

San Francisco—582 Market St. Los Angeles—756 So. Broadway

Selected Readers for Selected Advertisers

The Outlook's readers are selected from an interesting, cultivated stratum of America's reading public.

The following paragraphs, copied from a subscriber's letter of appreciation, speak for themselves:

"You may be interested to know that my lovely home in Sienna, Italy, was the result of an Outlook advertisement. An American woman recommended it to appreciative guests, but when I wrote to her and asked what references she required, she said to be a subscriber to The Outlook was reference enough.

"I have spent part of three summers in a charming spot in Maine, also advertised in The Outlook, and when I offered the requested references I was told that no references were required from subscribers to The Outlook. You will see, therefore, what we Outlook subscribers think of each other and of the reliability of your advertisements."

For rates and further details write to Eva R. Dixon, Director

OUTLOOK CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT

120 East 16th Street, New York City

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Free for All

Literature and Swill

WHEN a minister takes up his abode in a new parish, there are various ways in which it is possible for him to become acquainted with his prospective parishioners. One way is to listen to every bit of gossip and scandal which finds its way to the parsonage back door, to lend a willing ear to the tale-bearers and the busybodies, and out of these materials to construct a mental image of his flock. But a different way is to reserve judgment, to become acquainted with each family and with each individual, to note with care what each man or woman seems to be trying to do, to observe what service, public or private, each is rendering to the community, and to give each full credit for his best intentions. With these materials a man would construct quite a different mental image of his people.

The former seems to be the method employed by certain popular novelists in their attempted portrayal of the Protestant clergy. The total net impression which one gleans from this class of "literature" is that the clergy are all either hypocritical knaves or silly fools. The story is told in a Western town of a couple of darky garbage-collectors who met one day as they made their rounds.

"Dem new folks up in de big house suttinly is mighty fine folks," remarked one.

"How do you know? Dey frien's ob yourn?"

"No; but dey hab de swellest swill!"

Some of our modern novelists are little other than purveyors of "swell swill." They gather up all the worst they can find about the members of a given profession, combine it in one striking character, and let their readers infer that the figure they have drawn is representative of the group. Perhaps all that they portray has somewhere, some time, been true of somebody. But it is not a true or representative picture of the average man who is devoting his life sincerely to public service in any of the great altruistic professional groups.

The worst aspect of such dastardly and unfair attack is that there is absolutely no defense against it. Such writers are on a par with the "hit and run" motorist who crushes out the life of a child and speeds on his way uncaring. They are little more than literary garbage-collectors. Sometimes a garbage-cart passes the door, and the reek from its contents floats into the house, polluting the summer breeze. We endure it as best we may, but we do not enjoy it, and we are not benefited by it.

Marietta, Ohio. D. E. ADAMS.

Floods and Taxation

IN your issue of June 22 Dixon Merritt has a valuable article on the flood situation in the Mississippi Valley.

We have here in the lower Skagit Valley a similar situation, although we have not had a disastrous summer freshet since 1894, but we have had several bad winter freshets since that time, upsetting business and causing lots of damage to roads, bridges, and some land with buildings. In the district where I live, containing about 6,000 acres, the landowners have spent around eighty dollars per acre for dikes and drainage in the course of forty years. They are at present taxing themselves around five dollars per acre a year for the same protection. This has been done without any aid from the Government. The land here is very fertile, but at that not much better than the Mississippi bottom land. Sometimes the districts had to issue warrants drawing eight per cent for years in order to pay for the work.

Instead of helping the landowners here in this protection work, as along the Mississippi, the Government has taxed the landowners for these improvements. If the Government is going to help protect the land from overflow in one part of the country, it would not be more than just to do the same for all parts of the country where overflow is liable to occur.

As the Mississippi Valley is the big bread-basket of the country, I believe the Government should stand the expense of a thorough survey of all the land along its course subjected to overflow. It should plan for immense storage reservoirs wherever possible. Where erosion is bad reforestation should be undertaken. Wherever possible, the old channel should be straightened and spillways built. In protecting the bends of the river brush mats should be built away out in the stream and then sunk with rocks. Out here we have found that such protection work is more efficient than concrete, and the cost is much less.

After the survey has been completed all the land along the Mississippi and its tributaries should be formed into a special taxing district. The Government should then issue guaranteed bonds for a long period of years, which would eventually be paid by the benefited landowners. In the end they would find that all this protection work would cost them much less than the landowners in the district where I am living have already paid for such protection work. JOHN S. FINSTAD.

Conway, Washington.

A Cotton Grower States the Case as He Sees It

I THANK you for the very interesting letters you have published on the agricultural situation.

Ignorance of the city people of the true condition is causing an injustice and will cause class warfare. In the letter you published by Mr. Elbert, of New York, he says, "The relief farmers want must be higher prices," and then he says, "The law of supply and demand must make the price." The farmers want the law of supply and demand to operate over a longer period, so as to stabilize the price of farm products. The weather largely controls the amount of a crop for a one-year period. It takes about a ten-year period to get a fair average, and the farmer wants the law of supply and demand to operate over such a period instead of the present one-year period.

In the past six years the cotton crop in this country has varied from less than eight million bales to eighteen million bales, and I have sold cotton for forty cents per pound and for five cents per pound during these six years. The average price on the New York Cotton Exchange during that period for middling short cotton has been over twenty-five cents per pound. I would have been perfectly satisfied to have averaged that price for my cotton and would have made money over the period by raising it, but have lost heavily on prices I have received. My yield per acre was twice the average yield for the cotton belt, and my cotton was long-staple cotton. As I plant this crop I won't know until after my money and labor are spent whether I will get five cents or forty cents per pound for it. All depends on the weather and acreage. Both are now unknown. It is just a gamble, and I have to take the chance under our present system. In my opinion, one price would be just about as disastrous as the other. I want a steady price. If I knew about what price I would receive, I would know whether to plant or not. We need the money so desperately, we have to plant a big acreage, as this year it may be our turn to have fine weather conditions locally and bad over the balance of the cotton belt, in which event we would have a big crop and big price. In 1923, when we had a high price, I had almost a failure, so the high price didn't do me much good. Texas had their largest crop of record, and made so much money that they have been cotton crazy ever since, and we have had to suffer from their increased acreage. The high price upset their farming system.

Another thing about supply and demand, from the farmer's standpoint, is that many times demand would absorb the supply at a reasonable price above the farmer's cost, but can't do it at the high prices charged consumers. The present marketing system is too expensive and inefficient. The price of cotton may be thirty cents per pound or fifteen cents per pound and yet the retail price of dry goods remains almost the same. We may be getting ten cents for watermelons that retail in the city for fifty cents. If the supply gets too large, and the price is reduced ten cents, the farmer stands the full cut. If the cut is fifteen cents, he loses all his price and loses five cents additional. The railroads, brokers, commission men, retailers, and all other links in the marketing chain must have their profits. If the railroads aren't making five and three-fourths per cent profit after paying exorbitant salaries and wages, they can go into a Federal court and raise their rates so as to earn that profit, whether their rates are confiscatory or not.

I have always believed in the protective tariff principle (I used to swallow all the "bull" about how the tariff helped the farmer), but I have done a lot of thinking the past two years. I can't see where it is to my interest to produce cotton upon which there is no tariff, and which is my main crop, in competition with the cheapest labor in the world, have Liverpool set the price on my cotton, and then have to pay a tariff to get my own cotton back in finished products in order to protect the spinner and his labor against cheap foreign labor. I am just as much entitled to an export bounty as they are to the advantages of an import duty. One is no more unsound economically than the other. The tariff and many other laws interfere with the law of supply and demand. The law of the survival of the fittest is a more fundamental law than that of supply and demand, but barbaric nations are the only people who let that law run wild. The law of gravitation is a good law, but there are times when its effects must be offset by artificial means.

There are three things I think the farmer needs to meet the changed conditions of to-day: First, a bargaining power. I have hoped co-operative marketing would solve that problem. Now I am convinced it will not unless it is made compulsory or to the decided interests of all producers to join. Now the producer who stays out gets the benefits without the cost or inconvenience. We might just as well base taxpaying on voluntary action. A taxpayer should be willing to pay according to his benefits, but we know he will not until forced by law to do so. Second, a stable price. It would take much of the gambling out of farming and be as beneficial to the consumer as the producer. Third, a man in the White House with the courage and vision of Theodore Roosevelt, who cannot be so coddled and taffied by special interests that he forgets to deal fairly with the unorganized farmers, but who can blaze the way to lead them out of the wilderness into which they have been plunged by a highly organized industrial system with special favors, and by a changed living condition. A. W. CAMPBELL.

Scott, Arkansas.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING SECTION

INCLUDING

HOTELS — TRAVEL

Real Estate, Hotels and Resorts, Tours and Travel, etc. — 60c. per line, single column

Situations Wanted, Help Wanted, Miscellaneous, etc. — 10c. per word, Box number 25c.

Copy for this section must be received at least nine days before date of insertion

Hotels and Resorts

Canada

HOTEL BELVEDERE
30,000 ISLANDS, GEORGIAN BAY—unexcelled fishing, boating, bathing, riding, golf; 5-piece orchestra; tennis.
Booklet. A. G. PEEBLES, PARRY SOUND, Ont.

Maine

THE HOMESTEAD
Bailey Island, Maine
Twenty-fifth season, June 15 to Sept. 15. Large wooded estate on seacoast. Booklet.

The Beeches, Paris Hill, Maine
Quiet summer home for delicate, nervous or tired persons needing rest. White Mountain view. Pine groves and gardens. Booklet.

PEMAQUID BEACH, MAINE
On John's Bay, in sight of the old fort built originally in 1607. Private home with modern accommodations, excellent food. For rates, booklet, and terms apply to
Mrs. HILDA WELLS, Pemaquid Beach, Me.

MAINE Why not spend your vacation in the country on the open ocean? Rates $16, $18, $20.
Louise Spilman. THE BREAKERS, Vinalhaven, Me.

Maryland

THE BRAMARR
Private home for convalescents and rest cures. All modern conveniences; high elevation; wonderful view of 5 to 25 miles overlooking Baltimore and Howard Counties; on State road and electric line, convenient to Baltimore. Physician's endorsement.
Mrs. CAROLINE D. THUMM, Ellicott City, Md.

Massachusetts

MARBLEHEAD, MASS.
The Leslie
A quiet, cozy little house by the sea. Now open. Private baths. Booklet. 23d season.

New Mexico

THE BISHOP'S LODGE
New Mexico's "Play Resort"
Open the year round. Delightfully cool summers, mild winters. Send for booklet which describes trips to ancient cliff dwellings, quaint Indian pueblos, recent archeological excavations, artists' colonies. Private Cadillac cars for visiting "The Most Interesting Fifty Mile Square in America." Golf, tennis, trained saddle ponies for mountain trails. Rooms and suites; excellent cuisine. Limited to seventy-five guests. Address Manager, THE BISHOP'S LODGE, SANTA FE, N. M.

New York City

Hotel Judson 53 Washington Sq., New York City
Residential hotel of highest type, combining the facilities of hotel life with the comforts of an ideal home. American plan $4 per day and up. European plan $1.50 per day and up.
SAMUEL NAYLOR, Manager.

HOTEL BRISTOL
129-135 W. 48th St., N.Y.

ROOMS WITH BATH	
Single — $3--$4--$5	Evening Dinner and Sunday noon . $1.00
Double — $5--$6--$7	Luncheon . . .50

Special Blue Plate Service in Grill Room
For comfort, for convenience to all parts of the metropolis, for its famous dining service come to Hotel Bristol. You'll feel "at home."

New York

Fenton House Adirondacks 18 Cottages
Altitude 1,571 ft. A noted place for health and rest. Accommodations for tourists. Write for folder and particulars. C. FENTON PARKER, Number Four, N. Y.

PINE-OZONE INN in the ADIRONDACKS Ideal summer resort with all home comforts. Cottages to rent. Special June rates. N. S. PINNEY, Prop., Jay, N. Y.

Keene Valley Inn and Cottages
KEENE VALLEY, N. Y.
Adirondack Mts. Rates $18 to $30 per week. 75 rooms. Fresh vegetables, own garden. Tennis, dancing, golf course two miles. Special rates for Sept. W. W. BLOCK, Prop.

TAMARACK INN
Keene Valley, N. Y.
Modern improvements. Own dairy and vegetables. Accom. 35. Booklet. GEO. R. DIBBLE.

CROONING PINES Adult vacation camp; convenient, modern; good food; all amusements; desirable clientele. Rates $18 up. Write for booklet. E. J. LEE, Warrensburgh, N. Y.

Vermont

Chester, Vt. THE MAPLES Delightful summer home. Cheerful, large, airy rooms, pure water; bath, hot and cold; broad piazza, croquet, fine roads. Terms reasonable. References exchanged. The Misses Sargeant.

CAMP SINGING CEDARS
For adults. Vermont side Lake Champlain. Booklet on request.
L. S. HILL, City Hall, Albany, N. Y.

Virginia

Massanutten Lodge Woodstock, Virginia
Refined place for refined people. In heart of beautiful Shenandoah Valley. Fine view of Massanutten Mts. Vacancies for few select guests. Rates reasonable. References.

Tours and Travel

THE beauty, fascination, and mystery of the Orient lures visitors from all over the world to

JAPAN

The quaintest and most interesting of all countries. Come while the old age customs prevail. Write, mentioning "Outlook," to
JAPAN HOTEL ASSOCIATION
Care Traffic Dept.
JAPANESE GOVERNMENT RAILWAYS
TOKYO
for full information
Rates for a single room without bath and with 3 meals, $5-6 in cities and popular resorts, $4-5 in the country

EUROPE • 1927
National Hairdressers' Tour
LONDON — BERLIN — VIENNA — ROME
Sails { September 3—$800 / October 4—$410 / October 4—$300
STRATFORD TOURS
452 Fifth Ave., New York

TEMPLE TOURS GO
To Europe, Egypt, Palestine, Around the World. Comfortable travel, moderate prices, abundant sightseeing, fine leadership.
Where do you want to go? What type of tour do you wish?
TEMPLE TOURS
447-A Park Square Bldg., Boston, Mass.

MAJOR W. T. BLAKE, LTD.
Great Britain and Continental automobile service. Cars to drive yourself, inclusive tours, and hire of car with chauffeur only. Steamship accommodations. For booklets and details write to 578 Madison Ave., New York.

Real Estate

Connecticut

FOR SALE—Cornwall, Conn.
Attractive old Colonial house in charming village, furnished or unfurnished; large living-room, large dining-room, parlor, and library; six or seven master bedrooms, three servant rooms, two bathrooms, three open fireplaces and furnace; large sunny piazza. Suitable for residence or inn. Within 2 blocks of State highroad. Large shaded grounds. Reasonable terms. Address Ellinwood, Cornwall.

TO RENT Lovely Village Home. Eight rooms and bath, good furnace, electricity, ample supply pure water, garage, garden; near church, academy, library, post office, lake, links. Reasonable rate. Address BLANCHE STOUTENBURGH, Home Acre, Woodstock, Conn.

Maine

MAINE—MAINE—MAINE Ask for our illustrated catalogs of summer homes for sale and to rent. MAINE LAKES & COAST CO., Portland, Maine

Massachusetts

On Old Ashfield Road
Near MOHAWK TRAIL
FOR SALE—FOUR ACRES
WITH HOUSE, 14 rooms, two baths, fireplaces, wide verandas, surrounded by beautiful trees. Apply to owner,
C. E. BUELL, Shelburne Falls, Mass.

New Hampshire

FOR SALE Professional man's home. 25 acres, 9 rooms, 2 bathrooms, 2 fireplaces, hardwood floors, furnace, electric lights, spring water, 800 square foot veranda; beautiful mountain views; village and Lake Sunapee 1 mile. Fruit trees and small fruits, wood lot, barn, poultry house. Owner, Lock Box 20, New London, N. H.

New York

FOR RENT
My ADIRONDACK CAMP on Long Lake
Apply Mrs. J. H. WOODWARD, Long Lake, N. Y.

Vermont

$8,500 Mountain Estate Private or Institutional Camp
300 acres in Vermont mountains. Elevation 1,800–2,600 ft. Superb scenery. Noted for hunting and fishing. Good roads. House and main buildings with all modern conveniences. Abundant water supply and pressure; no windmills. Valuable wood lots. Green meadows. Fruit. Unexcelled country home, summer camp, or small hotel investment. Concession in price for cash. 8,407, Outlook.

Virginia

For SALE in an exclusive suburb of Norfolk, Virginia, on the Lafayette River, two and one-half acres of beautifully landscaped grounds and an unusual house. Six master bedrooms, three servants' bedrooms, five baths, very large living-room and dining-room, den and closed porch. Two-car garage. Price $55,000. Terms. Apply to FRANK C. LEWIS, 807 15th St. N.W., Washington, D. C.

Wisconsin

FOR SALE—AT SACRIFICE— Academy building, modernly equipped, on campus of 12 acres with fine outlook, in central Wisconsin, suitable for school, sanitarium, or home. W. M. ELLIS, Ashland, Wis.

Little "Ads" That Reach Far

The Outlook Classified columns are carefully guarded and closely read. The circulation of The Outlook is world-wide.

Its "Wants" Will Fill Yours

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Mart of the Unusual

Harris Tweed Direct from makers. Ideal sporting material. Any length cut. Price $2.00 per yd. postage paid. Pattern free.
NEWALL 127 STORNOWAY SCOTLAND

Rooms to Rent

IN NANTUCKET TO LET
2 large connecting rooms with private bath, after July 18. Also separate rooms by week or season. Address Box 45, Nantucket, Mass.

Instruction

Opportunity to become TRAINED NURSE. $15 monthly allowance. Ideal living conditions. Tennis, surf bathing. 3 hours from New York. 8-hour day. 2½ year course. Age 18 to 32; 2 years high school. Send for descriptive folder and application. Southampton Hospital Association, Southampton, Long Island, N. Y.

EMPLOYMENT AGENCY

INSTITUTIONAL executives, social workers, secretaries, dietitians, cafeteria managers, governesses, companions, mothers' helpers, housekeepers. The Richards Bureau, 68 Barnes St., Providence.

HELP WANTED

HOTELS NEED TRAINED MEN AND WOMEN. Nation-wide demand for high-salaried men and women. Past experience unnecessary. We train you by mail and put you in touch with big opportunities. Big pay, fine living, permanent, interesting work; quick advancement. Write for free book, "*YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY.*" Lewis Hotel Training Schools, Suite AH-5842, Washington, D. C.

IN small private school, Connecticut, experienced teacher for primary grades. College graduate preferred. Please give full information and references. 7,924, Outlook.

WANTED, by Sept. 15, gentleman companion for semi-invalid willing to read aloud and drive automobile. References. Mrs. J. D. Pratt, Chestnut Hill, Pa.

WANTED—Nursery governess to care for four children under nine in Cincinnati. Wish to fill position by August 15, by refined and educated woman. Address Mrs. Frederick V. Geier, Bay Head, N. J.

SITUATIONS WANTED

COLLEGE student with experience desires position as governess. 7,918, Outlook.

GOVERNESS, companion, teacher. Permanent position wanted by French-Swiss teacher; experienced. Moderate salary. References. 7,876, Outlook.

GOVERNESS, young woman, experienced, competent, desires position, qualified to take entire charge of motherless home. Cleveland at present. Highest references. 7,923, Outlook.

IS there a dear old mother who needs a daughter's companionship? Catholic lady would like such a position. Willing to travel. 7,920, Outlook.

TEACHER wishes position as companion, governess, or secretary in Catholic home. Willing to travel. 7,919, Outlook.

TRAINED woman seeks position. 8 years in credit department in foreign bank, valuable in other branches of business, capable of managerial position. Excellent references. 7,925, Outlook.

WOMAN, seventeen years' experience as commercial teacher, secretary, and accountant, desires secretarial position. Good references. Interview if desired. Address 7,909, Outlook.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY

PRIVATE SCHOOL, LONG ESTABLISHED, EXCEPTIONAL RECORD OFFERS OPPORTUNITY TO EDUCATOR ON SALE, LEASE, OR PARTNERSHIP BASIS. 7,922, Outlook.

STATIONERY

WRITE for free samples of embossed a $2, or printed stationery at $1.50 per box *Also business printing at low prices.* Lewi stationer, Troy, N. Y.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six month nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-i Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Al are provided with maintenance and given monthly allowance of $10. For further ticulars address Directress of Nurses.

By the Way

A STUDENT who had failed in all the subjects he took at school wired his brother: "Failed in all five subjects. Prepare papa." The brother telegraphed back: "Papa prepared. Prepare yourself."

Heard in Pennsylvania Dutch country on a street car as a bonneted Amish woman paid her fare, "Conductor, I vant off vere the car bendts."

"What is your opinion of aviation?" Senator Sorghum of the Washington "Star" was asked.

"I don't know anything about it," answered the Senator. "But I'm afraid of it. If all the ovations are going to airmen, we statesmen may as well take off our coats and learn to fly."

Sunday-school teacher: "What is the most destructive force of modern times?"

Little boy (without hesitation): "The laundry."

Have you heard of the young wife who cooked three eggs nine minutes because her fussy husband wanted each egg cooked three minutes?

"Don't you agree that speed is the curse of America?"

"No, I can't say I do. I'm an installment collector."

From "Punch:"

Mother: "Darling, you were awfully late last night. I'm afraid I'm dreadfully old-fashioned, but I *should* like to know where you go." Daughter: "Certainly, mummy, darling. I dined with—oh, well, you don't know him—and we went to several places I don't suppose you've been to, and we finished at a queer little club—I forget its name, but it's in a cellar somewhere in Soho. It's all right, isn't it, mummy?" Mother: "Of course, darling. It's only that I just like to *know*."

Diner: "Waiter, I'll have lamb chops with potatoes, and have the chops lean."

Waiter: "Which way, sir?"

From the "Western Christian Advocate:"

Guest (whose wedding gift of a coal-scuttle has not been acknowledged): "I hope our little present arrived quite safely?"

Bride: "Oh, yes, *indeed* it did. *Didn't* you get my letter? It's perfectly *adorable*, and—er—we're taking it with us on our honeymoon."

Consider the following figures, printed in the Syracuse "Journal:"

The total circulation of the daily morning and evening Hearst newspapers is 4,393,420, and the total circulation of the Sunday newspapers is 4,653,212. Last year Hearst newspapers used enough newsprint to encircle the globe more than 120 times. Last year Hearst newspapers spent more than $2,500,000 in telegraph and cable tolls. Hearst newspapers employ more than 96,000 people, and pay more than $29,000,000 in salaries yearly. They pay more than $1,000,000 in salaries for comic features. Newsboys and agents of Hearst newspapers earn over $18,000,000 a year. Hearst newspapers are read by more than 20,000,000 people yearly.

From "Punch:"

The play was of the most wildly made dramatic character, but the great scene was that in which the hero confronts the sneeringly triumphant villain. "Sir Marmaduke," he exclaimed, "you have reduced me to beggary, broken the heart of my aged mother, and eloped with my wife. But beware! Don't go too far."

All teachers can learn something from Edward Everett Hale's "How to Do It:"

"I once went to examine a high school on a lonely hillside in a lonely country town," he wrote. "The first class was in botany, and they rattled off from the book very fast. They said 'cotyledon,' and 'syngenesious,' and 'coniferous,' and such words, remarkably well, considering they did not care two straws about them. Well, when it was my turn to 'make a few remarks' I said: 'Huckleberry.'

"I do not remember another word I said, but I do remember the sense of amazement that a minister should have spoken such a wicked word in a school-room. What was worse, I sent a child out to bring in some unripe huckleberries from the roadside, and we went to work on our botany to some purpose."

From "Life:"

Interviewer (to big business man): "I have called to learn the secret of your unparalleled success."

Big business man: "Just one moment, please. Are you from the 'American Magazine' or the district attorney's office?"

Ed Howe's rule for success is "Work hard, behave, and eat less."

Ireland can raise something besides Cain Mayler M. Roche, of Ballyseskin Hou County Wexford, reports harvesting 2 tons of sugar beets per acre through th use of nitrate of soda on the soil. Hi normal return improved sixteen tons.

From the London "Chronicle:"

He was boring her to tears when came her dog. "Ah," he exclaimed, "hav you taught him any more tricks since I was here last?" "Yes," she said sweetly "if you whistle he will bring your hat."

"Where did you get that fine new hat?"

"I bought it ten years ago. Seven yea ago I had it newly pressed. Three years ago it was dyed black. The year before last I had a new band put around it. Las week I exchanged it at a restaurant."

In one of the orthodox Jewish churches where the custom is to charge an admission or exact a fee for entrance to non-seat holders on the Jewish high religious days, it is stated that an applicant with an accent walked up to the ticket taker stating he had to see one of the pillars o the church on important business. Th doorman, also with an accent, said it couldn't be done; that the man wanted wa at prayer and to get in the applicant woul have to pay the usual tariff, $2.

The applicant expostulated and dilated upon the urgency of his business matter; that it meant a great deal to the man sought. Wearied by the argument, the doorman exclaimed:

"All right, go in, but mind, don't you pray."

From the Boston "Transcript:"

Fond mother: "Do you detect any signs of genius in my son, Professor?"

Professor: "Madam, I am not a detective."

When tea was over at the children's party, the hostess asked the smallest boy if he would say grace.

"What's that?" asked the honored guest.

"Why, don't you know?" said the surprised hostess. "What does your father say when he has had a good dinner?"

The small boy searched his memory, then replied:

"He rubs his chest and says: 'Richard is himself again!'"

Answer to last week's anagram: "Pares," "spear," "reaps," "pears," "spare."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Twenty Questions"

Answered in this issue of The Outlook

1. In what battle did General Custer and his men make their last stand? (P. 408.)
2. What chiefs were at the head of the Indians who opposed Custer? (P. 410.)
3. To what nation does Cochin China belong? (P. 414.)
4. When was the last Naval Conference at Washington? (P. 415.)
5. What country does not permit reproduction of its stamps? (P. 416.)
6. Name five Presidents that have not been pictured on the stamps of the United States. (P. 416.)
7. Why was Louis Napoleon of France known as Napoleon III? (P. 416.)
8. What forces beseiged Paris in 1870? P. 416.)
9. In what States is the Appalachian National Park to be located? (P. 419.)
10. What is a bond? (P. 420.)
11. In what State is the "Great Stone Face"? (Inside back cover.)
12. What is the oldest golf club in the world? (P. 403.)
13. With what country do certain groups in Austria favor uniting? (P. 398.)
14. What are the highest mountains between the Rockies and the Alps? (P. 408.)
15. Who won the British Open Golf Championship? (P. 395.)
16. What world-famous church in Jerusalem was recently damaged by earthquake? (P. 399.)
17. Who is president of the American Federation of Labor? (P. 399.)
18. Who was the designer and builder of Commander Byrd's plane? (P. 407.)
19. Who is Governor of Virginia? (P. 405.)
20. On which one of the Hawaiian Islands is there a leper colony? (P. 395.)

Contributors' Gallery

COLONEL CHARLES FRANCIS BATES, U. S. A., retired, was born in Monroe, Michigan, the home of General and Mrs. Custer and has known the family well for years. He is now working on a book on the Indian campaigns of General Custer in which will be used much material heretofore unpublished, including letters from actual participants in the battle of the Little Big Horn. Colonel Bates was in the regular army for almost twenty-five years, and since his retirement in 1923 has been living in Bronxville, New York. It was through him that we secured the introduction to his article from Mrs. Custer in which she speaks so tolerantly and forgivingly of the Indians.

CONRAD H. BIDDLECOMBE has been making airplane flights for fifteen years. During the War he joined the British Royal Flying Corps and retired as Major from the Royal Air Force in June, 1919. He attempted a transatlantic flight from Newfoundland in July, 1919, when such feats were not so usual. For several years he served as technical advisor in the Civil Aviation Department of the British Air Ministry in order to develop commercial aviation in the British Empire. He is now the manager of operations of Colonial Air Transport Corporation in New York and also manages operations for the Colonial Western Airways.

NATALIE DE BOGORY is a Russian who came to this country some years ago. She made extensive investigations among the Slavonic immigrants and later wrote for New York papers on Immigration and Labor. She has frequently been a contributor to The Outlook.

The Outlook

120 East 16th Street-New York

OFFICE OF
THE PRESIDENT

To Readers of The Outlook:

For many years The Outlook Company has endeavored to share with its readers in a tangible way the benefits which it has received from their continued support. To all its subscribers it has annually sent co-operative certificates for the use of those who might desire to introduce The Outlook to the circle of their friends. These certificates have been used by thousands of our subscribers to their own advantage and to the advantage of men and women all over the globe who have been searching for an authoritative interpretation of the news of the world.

Certificates for your use in the summer of 1927 are now ready. It will be to your advantage and to ours if you will indicate in the space below the number of certificates which you are certain to need for your friends, and mail this blank without delay to The Outlook Company.

This year only a limited number of certificates can be distributed, and I am taking this method of appealing directly to those who can use them to advantage. Remember that each certificate which is accepted by a friend of a present subscriber is of material value to the subscriber who distributes it.

Faithfully yours,

Harold T Pulsifer

President

My Dear Mr. Pulsifer:

Please send me ..... certificates to distribute among my friends.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED